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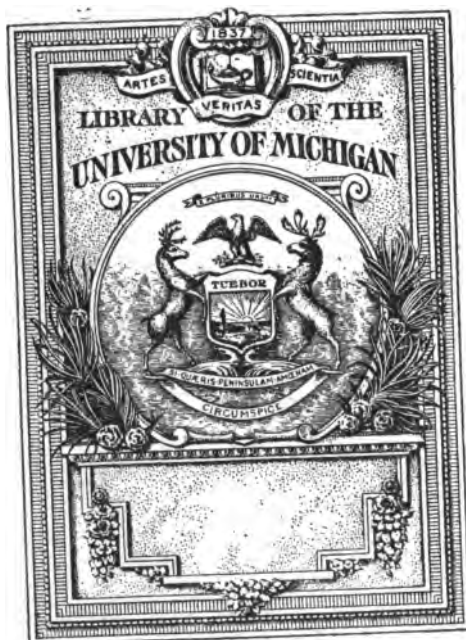
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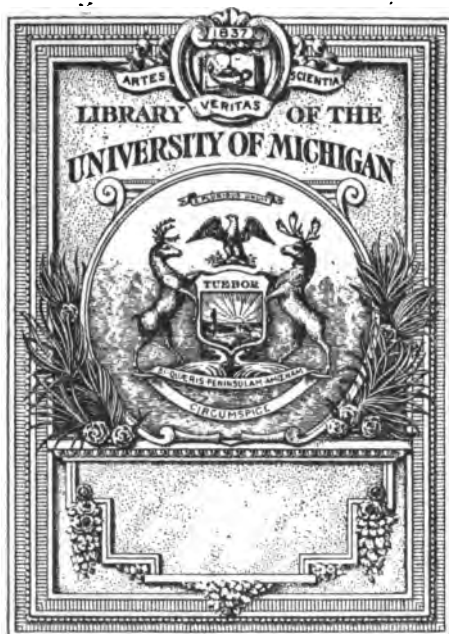
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The Good American Vacation Lessons

Prepared by
FRANCES WELD DANIELSON
and
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CONTENTS

	PAGE	
DIRECTIONS FOR USING LESSONS		1
THE CHILDREN'S CODE OF MORALS		2
PROGRAMS FOR PRIMARY GROUPS		6
PROGRAMS FOR JUNIOR GROUPS		55
LESSON	PRIMARY	JUNIOR
1. THE LAW OF HEALTH	6	56
2. THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL	12	60
3. THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE	16	63
4. THE LAW OF RELIABILITY	20	67
5. THE LAW OF CLEAN PLAY	24	72
6. THE LAW OF DUTY	27	80
7. THE LAW OF GOOD WORKMANSHIP	31	86
8. THE LAW OF TEAM WORK	35	88
9. THE LAW OF KINDNESS	38	95
10. THE LAW OF LOYALTY	43	97
11. THE LAW OF REVERENCE	51	102

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THE GOOD AMERICAN VACATION LESSONS

AIM

To define and stimulate Christian citizenship in children.

GROUPS

The lessons are prepared for two groups, Primary Group, children under nine, and Junior Group, children between nine and twelve:

- A. Of various denominations, in communities where church schools are discontinued.
- B. In church schools which continue in session, but whose attendance is much depleted.
- C. In summer camps and resorts.
- D. In mid-week work in churches that can continue the graded lessons on Sundays.

TEACHERS

Primary Group: One teacher who is a good story-teller and one assistant.

Junior Group: One teacher who can command the attention of boys and girls, and one assistant for each group of eight.

MEETING PLACE

- A. Church-school rooms.
- B. Private piazzas or living-rooms.
- C. Hotel piazzas or parlors.
- D. Tents, woods or beach.

TIME

- A. Usual church-school hour.
- B. Late afternoon or early evening.

METHOD

Since these lessons will be used largely with the ever changing group of the summer vacation period it has seemed best to make each lesson a unit as far as possible.

THE CHILDREN'S CODE OF MORALS

Prepared by William J. Hutchins, and accepted by the National Institution for Moral Instruction, Washington, D. C., Milton Fairchild, Chairman.

The Good American Vacation Lessons are based on The Children's Code of Morals. A lesson is outlined also on one additional law, not included in the code, The Law of Reverence.

Boys and girls who are good Americans try to become strong and useful, that our country may become ever greater and better. Therefore they obey the laws of right living which the best Americans have always obeyed.

First: The Law of Health. The Good American Tries to Gain and to Keep Perfect Health

The welfare of our country depends upon those who try to be physically fit for their daily work. Therefore:

1. I will keep my clothes, my body, and my mind clean.
2. I will avoid those habits which would harm me, and will make and never break those habits which will help me.
3. I will try to take such food, sleep, and exercise as will keep me in perfect health.

Second: The Law of Self-Control. The Good American Controls Himself

Those who best control themselves can best serve their country.

1. I will control my *tongue*, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or profane words.
2. I will control my *temper*, and will not get angry when people or things displease me.
3. I will control my *thoughts*, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

Third: The Law of Self-Reliance. The Good American is Self-Reliant *Self-conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to boys and girls who would be strong and useful.*

1. I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people; I will reverence the wishes of those who love and care for me, and who know life and me better than I; but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.

2. I will not be afraid of being laughed at. I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong. Fear never made a good American.

Fourth: The Law of Reliability. The Good American is Reliable

Our country grows great and good as her citizens are able more fully to trust each other. Therefore:

1. I will be honest, in word and in act. I will not lie, sneak, or pretend, nor will I keep the truth from those who have a right to it.
2. I will not do wrong in the hope of not being found out. I cannot hide the truth from myself and cannot often hide it from others.
3. I will not take without permission what does not belong to me.
4. I will do promptly what I have promised to do. If I have made a foolish promise, I will at once confess my mistake, and I will try to make good any harm which my mistake may have caused. I will so speak and act that people will find it easier to trust each other.

Fifth: The Law of Clean Play. The Good American Plays Fair

Clean play increases and trains one's strength, and helps one to be more useful to one's country. Therefore:

1. I will not cheat, nor will I play for keeps. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.
2. I will treat my opponent with courtesy.
3. If I play in a group game, I will play, not for my own glory, but for the success of my team and the fun of the game.
4. I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

Sixth: The Law of Duty. The Good American Does His Duty

The shirker or the willing idler lives upon the labor of others, burdens others with the work which he ought to do himself. He harms his fellow citizens, and so harms his country.

1. I will try to find out what my duty is, *what I ought to do*, and my duty I will do, whether it is easy or hard. What I ought to do I can do.

Seventh: The Law of Good Workmanship. The Good American Tries to do the Right Thing in the Right Way

The welfare of our country depends upon those who have learned to do in the right way the things that ought to be done. Therefore:

1. I will get the best possible education, and learn all that I can from those who have learned to do the right thing in the right way.
2. I will take an interest in my work, and will not be satisfied with slipshod and merely passable work. A wheel or a rail or a nail carelessly made may cause the death of hundreds.
3. I will try to do the right thing in the right way, even when no one else sees or praises me. But when I have done my best, I will not envy those who have done better, or have received larger rewards. Envy spoils the work and the worker.

Eighth: The Law of Team-Work. The Good American Works in Friendly Cooperation with His Fellow Workers

One man alone could not build a city or a great railroad. One man alone would find it hard to build a house or a bridge. That I may have bread, men have sowed and reaped, men have made plows and threshers, men have built mills and mined coal, men have made stoves and kept stores. As we learn better how to work together, the welfare of our country is advanced.

1. In whatever work I do with others, I will do my part and will help others do their part.
2. I will keep in order the things which I use in my work. When things are out of place, they are often in the way, and sometimes they are hard to find. Disorder means confusion, and the waste of time and patience.
3. In all my work with others, I will be cheerful. Cheerlessness depresses all the workers and injures all the work.
4. When I have received money for my work, I will be neither a miser nor a spendthrift. I will save or spend as one of the friendly workers of America.

Ninth: The Law of Kindness. The Good American is Kind

In America those who are of different races, colors, and conditions must live together. We are of many different sorts, but we are one great people. Every unkindness hurts the common life, every kindness helps the common life. Therefore:

1. I will be kind in all my *thoughts*. I will bear no spites or grudges. I will not think myself above any other girl or boy just because I am of a different race or color or condition. I will never despise anybody.
2. I will be kind in all my *speech*. I will not gossip nor will I speak unkindly of any one. Words may wound or heal.
3. I will be kind in all my *acts*. I will not selfishly insist on having my own way. I will always be polite. Rude people are not good Americans. I will not trouble unnecessarily those who do work for me. I will do my best to prevent cruelty, and will give my best help to those who need it most.

Tenth: The Law of Loyalty: The Good American is Loyal

If our America is to become ever greater and better, her citizens must be loyal, devotedly faithful, in every relation of life.

1. I will be loyal to my family. In loyalty I will gladly obey my parents or those who are in their place. I will do my best to help each member of my family to strength and usefulness.
2. I will be loyal to my school. In loyalty I will obey and help other pupils to obey those rules which further the good of all.
3. I will be loyal to my town, my state, my country. In loyalty I will respect and help others to respect their laws and their courts of justice.
4. I will be loyal to humanity. In loyalty I will do my best to help the friendly relations of our country with every other country, and to give to every one in every land the best possible chance. If I try simply to be loyal to my family, I may be disloyal to my school. If I try simply to be loyal to my school, I may be disloyal to my town, my state, and my country. If I try simply to be loyal to my town, state, and country, I may be disloyal to humanity. I will try above all things else to be loyal to humanity; then I shall surely be loyal to my country, my state, and my town, to my school, and to my family.

And he who obeys the law of loyalty obeys all the other nine laws of the Good American.

This Code is reprinted with the consent of the National Institution for Moral Instruction, Inc., Washington, D. C.

PROGRAMS FOR PRIMARY GROUPS

THE LAW OF HEALTH

FIRST LESSON

Material: Bible. Song-books containing songs known by the majority. (Songs used in these programs will be found in *Songs for Little People* or *Worship and Song*.¹) Flag. Blackboard or large sheet of cardboard and crayons.

I. Song Service — 10 minutes

(Give free choice of familiar songs, ending with "The Star-Spangled Banner" or "America.")

II. Salute to the Flag and Song

(Teach "The Good American.")

THE GOOD AMERICAN

With spirit.

My coun-try's flag takes care of me: The good A-mer-i-can I will be.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The tempo/style marking is 'With spirit.' The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

III. Prayer — 2 minutes

(For loyalty to the flag.)

IV. Conversation with Blackboard — 10 minutes

I know that all you who saluted the flag mean to be good Americans. Who can draw on the board something that the good American uses? (Such drawings will probably include crude representations of guns, air-planes and other war equipment, also garden tools, owing to the emphasis that has been placed on raising crops as a patriotic duty.)

Good Americans must protect their country by fighting for her and by raising food. There are other things the good American must use.

¹ The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Any book mentioned in the lessons may be ordered from The Pilgrim Press.

(Draw a face-cloth, soap and a tooth-brush.) *The good American keeps clean.* Say this with me. That's one way to keep well and strong. God wants all the people he made to be well and strong. (Draw a bottle of milk, bread and fruit.) *The good American eats simple food.* Say this with me. That's another way to keep well and strong. (Draw a hoop, jump-rope and ball.) What can you do with these? *The good American exercises his body.* Say this with me. That's another way to keep well and strong. (Sing "The Good American.")

V. Story, Daniel and His Three Friends

(Told by the teacher.)

Once, long, long ago, there were some boys who were far away from home. They were prisoners. To look at them you would never have thought that, for they dressed well, and whoever heard of prisoners dressing well? They had rich food to eat, and whoever heard of prisoners having rich food to eat? And they lived in the king's palace, and whoever heard of prisoners living in a king's palace?

Yet these boys really were prisoners, for they could not do as they liked. They had been brought away from their home and put here in the palace to learn to wait upon the king. They had to be taught the language he spoke, and they must be kept healthy and good to look at. At the end of three years they would be brought to the king, ready to serve him.

Now, the king had rich food to eat and wine to drink, and he said to the man who had the care of the boys, "Every day give these boys some of the food from my table and wine to drink."

Among the boys were Daniel and his three friends. In their old home they had never eaten rich food. In their old home they had never drunk wine. Daniel knew this would not please God. So he told the man who had the care of them that he and his three friends did not wish the rich food and the wine.

"But," the man said, "the king has told me to give you this food and drink. I am afraid he will kill me if he finds your faces worse looking than those of the other boys."

He did not dare disobey the king.

Daniel said, "Try for ten days giving us simple food and water. Then look at our faces and the faces of the boys who eat the king's rich food and wine, and see which look the best."

The man at last said that they might try this, and for ten days the four boys ate only simple food and water.

Many a time the man who had the care of them feared that they might grow thin and pale. But the ten days passed, and the boys all came together. And who do you suppose were the fattest and whose faces were the best looking? Daniel and his three friends, who had had only simple food and water, were the healthiest. So they were not made to eat any of the rich food all through the three years.

The three years came to an end. The boys were taken to the king. Can't you guess how excited they were? They wondered whether the king would like them. They meant to speak his language well. They hoped they could answer his questions.

Who of the boys do you think knew the most and could answer the king's questions best? Daniel and his three friends — the boys who had eaten only simple food and who had drunk water. They knew ten times as much as the wisest men in the kingdom.

And Daniel and his three friends felt sure that they not only pleased the king but that they pleased God.

VI. Bible Verse

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. — 1 Cor. 10 : 31.

Let us repeat the verse together — again — again. Tell me how Daniel and his three friends ate and drank to please God — “to the glory of God.” How can children?

VII. Song or Verse

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson*:

(Teach this as a song, from *Songs for Little People*, or simply as a verse.)

VIII. Offering

IX. Story, Raising the Stone

“Raise me if you want to see
What is buried under me.”

Uncle Tom chanted this as he and three children joined hands around a gray stone that lay half in and half out of the ground. The three children were Philip and Phyllis and Harold.

Philip tried to move the stone first. He pulled till his face was red and his back ached.

"I give up," said Philip.

Phyllis tried next. Phyllis was Philip's twin, and though she was a girl, she was just as strong. She pulled so hard that she tumbled over backwards, but the stone did not move.

"I give up," said Phyllis.

Harold tried next. Harold was the cousin who had come from the city for the summer. He was thin and white and weak, and of course he could not move the heavy stone.

"I give up for now," said Harold, "but not for always."

"Good!" said Uncle Tom. "I did not expect any of you could raise the stone now. What is buried beneath it will not be needed anyway till fall. Then it will belong to the one who has made the strongest body this summer."

"I shall be the one," said Phyllis.

"Pooh! you're a girl. I shall," said Philip.

"What will make bodies strong?" asked Harold, looking down at his thin legs and his weak hands.

"Five things," said Uncle Tom. "Keep clean, sleep much, eat wisely, exercise, and breathe fresh air."

"We'll do it!" shouted Philip and Phyllis together.

"You've both got a better start," said Harold, "but I'll try to catch up."

"I'll be here again in a month," said Uncle Tom. "Promise me not to try the stone till I come back. We'll see then what you have done with your bodies to make them strong."

"Come on, Harold," said Philip. "It's hot, and I've got enough money for ice-cream cones for us all."

"Will that help me get strong?" Harold asked.

"Not so soon after breakfast, and the cheap kind Philip buys never would," said Uncle Tom.

"I'll stay home and bat my ball against the barn," said Harold. "You see, I've got to catch up."

* * * * *

It was a month later. Uncle Tom and the three children joined hands about the big stone in the garden. This time they chanted together:

"Raise me if you want to see
What is buried under me."

Then Phyllis tried to lift the stone. She could not stir it.

"I give up," she said. "It's too hot, anyway."

"What have you been doing this month?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Nothing much," said Phyllis. "It's been too hot."

"You've learned to swim?"

"No-o; it's such a bother to get undressed and then dress all up again. I swing in the hammock a lot, and I play dolls under the big tree."

"Laziness never will raise the stone," said Uncle Tom.

Then Philip tried, but he didn't try very hard.

"I give up," said Philip. "I've been sick."

"Too many ice-cream cones?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Too much everything, mother says," put in Phyllis.

"Dear me!" said Uncle Tom. "Greediness never will raise the stone."

Then Harold tried. He did not stir it. He took a long breath and tried again. It moved.

"I cannot lift it yet," he said, "but it stirred. I give up for now, but not for always."

"I don't need to ask what you have been doing," said Uncle Tom. "You've learned to swim, I know."

"Yes, and to dive."

"And he asks about everything to eat 'Will it make me strong?' " said Philip. "I think it's silly."

"But he isn't sick, I notice," said Uncle Tom.

"He never teases to sit up late," said Phyllis, "because he says he has got to sleep a long time."

"Look out for Harold," said Uncle Tom. "He's catching up. The one who stirred the stone this month can perhaps move it next."

* * * * *

It was the very last of the summer, and once more Uncle Tom and the three children joined hands about the big stone and chanted:

"Raise me if you want to see
What is buried under me."

"I can't and I don't want to try," said Phyllis. "I've had a hard cold."

"How did you get it?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Exercising, just as you told me."

"She got all hot and she didn't put on her sweater, as mother told her," said Philip. "I've promised father not to buy cheap ice-cream cones, and I haven't been sick. See me try."

He did try and try again, but though he stirred the stone, it did not move.

"Now, Harold," said Uncle Tom, "this is the last try. If you don't move it, I shall; but then you will never see what is buried underneath."

Harold took off his coat. Uncle Tom fairly jumped with surprise. His arms were tanned. His muscles stood out. His hands looked as though they had worked. His cheeks were red. His eyes were bright.

He leaned over the stone and pulled. The stone stirred. He pulled again. The dirt fell away. He took a deep breath and pulled once more.

"Bravo, boy!" cried Uncle Tom.

Philip and Phyllis stared with round eyes.

There underneath the stone was a tin box. It was locked. Uncle Tom handed Harold a little key. It just fitted. Inside the tin box was a purse, and in the purse were three pieces of gold, and a card on which was written: "To buy skates and skis for the one who has shown himself (or herself) able to use them."

"Oh, dear!" said Phyllis, "'herself' would have been me."

"I don't deserve them," said Philip, "I've been so lazy and piggish."

"Three cheers for the boy who has made food and air and sleep and exercise give him a strong body!" said Uncle Tom.

The three cheers were given with a will, and Harold put the purse in his pocket.

X. Bible Verse

Let us say together the Bible verse that tells us how God wants us

to keep healthy and strong. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

XI. Praise Song

(Any familiar praise song, such as, "Praise Him, Praise Him, All ye Little Children," and "The Good American.")

THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL

SECOND LESSON

Material: Bible. Blackboard. *Songs for Little People*. Paper and crayons. Flag.

I. Song, "The World's Music" — 10 minutes

(This is set to music in *Songs for Little People*. If this book is not available teach the words only.)

I want to tell you a song.

"The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all."

Each child may tell one thing that makes the world a happy place. I will write on the blackboard all the things you say. Now we who can read will read these things, and then you may say the verse after me. Let us say it again — again. Say it, and each one think of the thing that makes the world happy for you. I know how that will make your faces look. Let us sing the song, and still think of these things — again — again.

II. Bible Verse

We will name over the things that make the world happy for us. Think how many we could have without God. Not one, could we? So it is God who really makes the world a happy place. There is a verse in the Bible (read Psalm 4 : 7) "Thou hast put gladness in my heart." I shall make a prayer, thanking God for our happy world, and at the end we will say this verse together.

III. Prayer — 2 minutes

IV. Songs — 8 minutes

(Choice of familiar songs of praise and gladness.)

V. Offering

(Preceded by the verse, "God loveth a cheerful giver.")

VI. Story, The Little Loaf¹

Once upon a time there was very little food to be had. So a rich man who loved children sent for the twenty poorest children in the town to come to his house.

He met them with a basket filled with loaves of bread and said, "Here is a little loaf of bread for each of you. Take them home and come tomorrow and every day. There will always be loaves of bread here for you, till there is plenty of food in the land."

Now, the hungry children forgot everything but that they were hungry. They crowded about the basket and pushed and snatched and quarreled. Each one tried to get the biggest loaf. They were cross to each other and they never once thanked the rich man.

There was one little girl named Gretchen, who did not push in among the rest or try to get the biggest loaf. She was hungry, too, but she waited quietly till all the loaves but one were taken. Then she went to the basket and took for herself the loaf that was left. Of course it was the smallest, but she smiled happily, and thanked the rich man.

The next day the twenty children were back at the rich man's house. The basket was full of loaves of bread, just as before, and the greedy children snatched and quarreled and pushed and each tried to get the biggest loaf, just as before. This day, too, Gretchen stood at one side, and waited till the others had gone and there was one loaf left for her. It was even smaller than the one she had taken home before, — not more than half the size of the other loaves.

When she got home and cut the loaf, out dropped six pieces of shining silver money.

"This is a mistake, Gretchen," said her mother. "Run back to the rich man with the money. Go quickly!"

Gretchen came to the rich man, out of breath with running.

"See what we found in my loaf of bread," she said, and handed him the money. "It was a mistake. This money isn't ours."

"No," said the rich man, "it was not a mistake. I had the silver money baked in this bread as a present to a little girl who kept her temper when other children were quarreling, and was willing to take the smallest loaf of all."

¹ Adapted from *Moral Lessons*, by Coudery.

VII. Song, "The World's Music"**VIII. Drawing — 10 minutes**

(Illustration of any part of the story. Comment on the drawings.)

IX. Story, The White Dove ¹

There was once upon a time a white dove that lived next door to a growly, grizzly bear.

The dove had a voice as sweet as music, but the bear had a terrible growl. He was always snarling, growling, and quarreling, till the white dove said, "I cannot stand it any longer. I must find a new home."

So, early the next morning, she started out to find the new home. First she went to the creek and dipped her wings in the shining water till they were as white as snow, and then away she flew, over the hills and the valley.

"Coo, coo! I should like to live with a good child," she said as she flew.

By and by she came to a small, white house by the roadside, and there on the doorstep sat a little girl who looked so much like a good child that the white dove lighted on a tree by the gate and called, with her voice as sweet as music, "Coo, coo! may I come in? Coo, coo! may I come in?"

But the little girl did not hear, for just then her mother called from the kitchen, "Little daughter, come here! I want you to rock the baby to sleep." And before the dove had time to call again the little girl began to cry as loudly as she could, "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! I — don't — want — to — come — in! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

"Coo, coo," called the white dove. But it did no good, so she spread her wings and flew away.

"I should rather live next door to a growly, grizzly bear," she said to herself, "than in the house with a child who cries like that."

On and on she flew, over the tree tops and roofs, till she reached a big house that had a great many doors and windows. The windows were open, and, looking in, the white dove saw half a dozen boys and girls playing together.

Oh! what a noise there was! The baby had waked up long before,

¹ From *More Mother Stories*, by Maud Lindsay. Used by permission of Milton Bradley Co.

he was through with his nap, and he was crying about it, and the nurse was singing to him; and all the rest were running and screaming and jumping, till all together there was such a din that the white dove could not make herself heard, although she called many times.

At last, however, somebody spied her, and then what a terrible time she had!

Every child in the room began to push and scramble to get her. "She's mine!" "She's mine!" "I saw her first!" "You didn't!" "I did!" they cried, all talking at once, till the white dove spread her wings and flew away.

"It would be almost as bad as living next door to a growly, grizzly bear to live in the house with all that noise," she said as she flew away.

Her white wings were weary and she began to think that she would have to turn back, when she heard a sound as sweet as her own voice. It came from a brown house near by, and the white dove made haste to the door to find out what the sound was.

When she put her head in at the door she saw a little girl rocking her baby brother to sleep in his cradle; and it was this little girl who had the voice like music. As she rocked the cradle she sang:

"All the pretty little horses,
White and gray and black and bay;
All the pretty little horses,
You shall see some day, some day,
All the pretty little horses."

"Coo, coo! may I come in?" called the white dove softly at the door; and the little girl looked up.

Now the child had often thought that she would rather have a white dove than anything else in the world, and she whispered back, "Dear dove, come in." Then the white dove went in and lived there all the days of her life and never had to go back to live by the growly, grizzly bear any more, for she had found a home with a good child, and that is the best home in the world.

X. Bible Verse or Song

(Teach Ezekiel 16 : 42, "I will be quiet, and will be no more angry." If desired, type-written copies may be given out to take home.) *The good American keeps pleasant.* Let us sing "The Good American." (See page 6.)

XI. Salute to the Flag and "America"

(Suggest how much more pleasing the salute and song are if performed gladly.)

THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE

THIRD LESSON

Material: Bible. Song-book. Flag.

I. Story, The Stepping-Stones¹

It had been raining, raining, raining, and Betty had not seen her Aunt Mary for three long days, so as soon as the sun shone bright again, she put her bonnet on and started out to pay her a visit.

Up the hill and down the hill, through the lane where the japonica hedges grew, by the fields and over the stile — this was the way to Aunt Mary's house, and Betty skipped gaily along till she came to a mud puddle in the lane that stretched across from hedge to hedge.

"Dear me!" said she when she saw this, "I can never get over this mud puddle by myself," and she looked about anxiously for some one to help her. Nobody was in sight but a fat little frog, and he was entirely too fond of mud to sympathize with her. He splashed in and out and all about, and looked as if he was thinking, "What a very strange creature to stand on dry land when she might be in this delightful puddle with me!"

Betty sat down on a big gray stone under the hedge and watched him. Hop, jump, splish, splash he went.

"I wish I could jump over," said the little girl, but the mud puddle was too wide for that.

By and by a white duck came along. She belonged to Aunt Mary, and of course she knew Betty at once.

"Quack," she said, as she hurried into the puddle. "Quack, quack," which meant in her language, "Come, paddle right in. What are you waiting for?"

"I wish my Uncle Jack would come for me in the wagon," said Betty, when the white duck had gone on to the farmyard, but Uncle Jack was at home and did not dream that Betty was waiting down there in the lane.

¹ From *More Mother Stories*, by Maud Lindsay. Used by permission of Milton Bradley Co.

Sometimes the lane was full of wagons, but that day the only traveler was a buzzing bee who was in such a hurry to get to Aunt Mary's flower garden that she did not even see Betty, as she flew over the puddle and far away.

"Hum, hum, hum," she sang to herself, and her song was all about honey.

The spider, and the grasshopper, and the cricket who lived in the lane came out from their homes to look at the little girl, and they talked about her among themselves.

"If I wanted to get over the puddle," said the spider, "I would spin a long thread from the branch of a tree, and swing across."

"I would hop through the hedge, and into the fields myself," said the grasshopper.

"The lane is pleasant here," chirped the cricket. "Why should she go on? I have lived here a long time."

"She will have to go home," croaked the frog, who had come from the puddle to sun himself. "Hear what I say, she can't get over"; and he had just settled himself for a nice little nap when Betty jumped up from her seat in such a hurry that he opened his eyes with a start, to see what was the matter.

"She is going to move the big gray stone," cried all the little watchers.

"She never will do it," said he; but he scarcely had spoken when the stone rolled out of its place and into the puddle just where Betty wanted it to go.

There was another stone in the lane and she did not rest until this too was rolled into the puddle. Then she found a red brick that had been lying under the hedge waiting for somebody to move it for so long a time that not even the cricket could remember when it came there.

"Here's a fine stepping-stone," cried she, when she spied it, and she made haste to throw it into the mud, beyond the stones, where it fell with a splash.

"What is she going to do now?" asked the spider, but before the grasshopper or the cricket could say a word, or the frog could croak again, Betty went stepping from stone to stone, across the mud puddle, and safe to the other side.

"That's the best way to get over puddles," she said to herself,

and away she ran, down the lane, by the fields, and over the stile to Aunt Mary's.

II. Blackboard Exercise — 10 minutes

Somebody may draw the duck, another child the bee, other children the spider, grasshopper and cricket, and another the stepping-stones Betty arranged in the puddle. Then we will tell the story again and point to the drawings, as they come into the story.

III. Conversation — 8 minutes

(Talk about children who can find out what to do by thinking instead of asking, as Betty did. Ask which a teacher would choose to erase the blackboard, the child who said, "Where is the eraser?" or the one who hunted till he found it. Ask which child a mother would send on errands, the boy who left part of his bundles to get another time, or the boy who tied them together with string, and carried them all at once. Say that God has given us minds to think with.)

IV. Prayer — 2 minutes

(That God will help us to obey our parents and teachers, and to think for ourselves and save them trouble.)

V. Songs — 10 minutes

(Exercise the children's power of initiative by allowing them free choice of songs.)

VI. Offering

(Continue the encouragement of initiative by asking the children to suggest some new or unusual way of taking the offering.)

VII. Bible Verse

"Even a child maketh himself known by his doings."

Teach this and explain it by saying, "Betty made herself known by her doings"; "The boy who did his mother's errands well made himself known by his doings"; etc.

VIII. Story, Sammie Small

"Fraid-cat, Sammie Small! Fraid-cat, Sammie Small!" shouted the boys — all the boys, the big ones, the little ones and the middle-sized ones.

The boy they shouted at was a very little one, but he held his head so high he looked taller than he really was. The children had been

skating on the pond, and had stopped to warm their hands at a fire on the bank. Sam's face was red without going near the fire, for it is not fun to be laughed at and called names.

Kathleen, a girl not as large as he, said proudly, "I'm a girl, and I wasn't afraid to go over the 'bendie-bow.'"

"I'm not afraid," said Sam, just as proudly, "only it's silly to go where it will break through."

"His mother told Sammie Small not to!" called out a big boy.

"No, she didn't," said Sam. "She just told me to be careful. I'd a lot rather skate along the edge."

With that he struck off near the edge of the pond, as fast as any child there could skate. The others went out to the middle, and dared each other to skate over thin ice which bent beneath them as they went, back and forth, which was why they called it the "bendie-bow."

When Sam had reached the other side he heard their shouts, louder than ever, but there was no laughing this time. He stopped short. He was sure he heard the cry, "Help! help!"

"Hoop-la! I'm coming!" shouted back Sammie Small. He saw a black spot in the thin ice, and Kathleen's red sweater sticking out of it. He knew what had happened. The "bendie-bow" had broken through and Kathleen was in the water.

Now, Sam was a boy who was used to thinking for himself, and he knew he must find a board to push out to Kathleen. His quick eye spied a rail that had fallen from a near-by fence, and in a second he had that under his arm and was skating straight out to the black hole, all the while shouting, "Hoop-la! I'm coming! Hoop-la! I'm coming!"

The other children were huddled on the ice far from the dangerous hole, when Sam skated up with his board. He pushed it toward Kathleen, who was trying to hold on to the cracking ice.

"This board is strong! Catch hold of it!" shouted Sam.

Kathleen's half-frozen hands managed to cling to the rail.

"Now," said Sam, "I'm little, so I'm the one who can go out on the rail and pull her in. You big fellows take the other end. When I holler pull us back."

There were no cries of "Fraid-cat!" when Sammie Small crept out on the board very carefully, so he should not break any more ice. At last by lying flat he could reach Kathleen's coat.

"Pull!" he said, and pull the others did. The ice bent and the black water ran over Sam, as he lay on the rail, but the board held, and the two children were pulled safely to the firm ice. Thick overcoats were wrapped about them and they were hurried to a house close by and put in hot blankets.

And after this no child ever called Sam "Fraid-cat" or Sammie Small.

IX. Salute to the Flag, "The Good American" and "The Star-Spangled Banner"

(Suggest that the good American is not afraid to be laughed at for doing the right thing. See song on page 6.)

THE LAW OF RELIABILITY

FOURTH LESSON

Material: Bible. *Songs for Little People.* Flags.

I. Salute to the Flag and Songs — 10 minutes

(Precede this by asking any children who have been present the last three weeks to tell some things the good American does. If the group is entirely new try to find out their ideas of what a good American should do. Sing "The Good American," on page 6, and "America.")

II. Scripture — 3 minutes

(Read from the Bible, or give type-written slips to the older children to read. Say that these Bible verses tell other things the good American should do.)

Thou shalt not steal. — *Exodus 20 : 15.*

Speak ye every man the truth with his neighbor. — *Zechariah 8 : 16.*

Lie not one to another. — *Colossians 3 : 9.*

They that deal truly are his delight. — *Proverbs 12 : 22.*

Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them. — *Matthew 7 : 12.*

III. Prayer — 2 minutes

(For help to act honestly and speak the truth.)

IV. Offering

(Ask the children how they got the money they bring.)

V. Song, "I Cannot Do Great Things" — 10 minutes

(From *Songs for Little People*. If this book is not available teach the words only. One verse is enough in either case.)

"I cannot do great things for him
Who did so much for me,
But I should like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be!"

(After the song is taught, ask how a child can be faithful to the Lord Jesus with his lips, and repeat the Bible verses about telling the truth. Ask how a child can be faithful to the Lord Jesus with his hands, and say he should take only what belongs to him. Repeat "Thou shalt not steal.")

VI. Story, The Necklace of Truth¹

There was once a little girl named Coralie, who enjoyed telling lies. Her father and mother could not believe anything she said. It is a terrible thing for fathers and mothers not to be able to believe their children's words.

At last they took her to the enchanter Merlin, who was the greatest friend of truth that ever lived. Little children who told lies were brought to him from everywhere, in order that he might cure them. The enchanter Merlin lived in a glass palace. Never in his whole life had he ever thought of making others believe what was not true.

Coralie hid her head under her mother's apron, and her father stood in front of her. They wanted her to be cured, but gently, without being hurt.

"Don't be afraid," said Merlin. "I do not hurt children in order to cure them. I am only going to make Coralie a beautiful present, which I think will not displease her."

He opened a drawer and took from it a wonderful necklace of purple stones with a glittering diamond clasp. He put it on Coralie's neck and said to her father and mother, "Go, good people, and worry no more. Your daughter carries with her a sure guardian of truth."

Coralie was going away delighted at having a present instead of a punishment, when Merlin called her back.

"In a year I shall come for my necklace," he said. "Till that time

¹ Adapted from *Home Fairy Tales*, by Jean Macé.

I forbid you to take it off for a single instant. If you dare do so, woe be to you!"

"Oh!" said Coralie, "I ask nothing better than to wear it always, it is so beautiful."

The day after Coralie got home she went to school, and as she had been absent a long time, the little girls crowded around her.

When they saw the necklace they cried, "Where did it come from? Where did you get it?"

Coralie knew that if she said, "From the enchanter Merlin," they would know why she went, so she said, "I was sick for a long time, and on getting well, my father and mother gave me this beautiful necklace."

A loud cry came from the children, for the diamonds in the clasp had turned to coarse glass.

"Yes, I have been sick. What are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second lie the purple stones became yellow and ugly, and the children cried out again.

Coralie was frightened. "I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," she said.

As she told the truth the necklace became as beautiful as before, but the shouts of laughter made her very much ashamed.

"You do wrong to laugh," she said, "for Merlin sent his carriage to meet us at the next town. You have no idea what a splendid carriage it was — six white horses, pink satin cushions with gold tassels, a negro coachman with his hair powdered, and three tall footmen behind. When we reached his palace, he met us and led us to the dining-room, where there was a table covered with things to eat that I will not name to you, because you never heard of them."

The laughter of the children broke out so loud that she stopped. She looked down. The necklace had become longer and longer, until it dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth!" said the little girls.

"Well, I am. We really went on foot, and only stayed five minutes."

The necklace at once shortened to its usual size.

"And the necklace — the necklace — where did it come from?"

"He gave it to me without saying a word. Probably —"

She had not time to finish. The necklace grew shorter and shorter, till it choked her terribly.

"You are keeping back part of the truth!" cried her schoolmates.

"He said — that I was — one of the greatest — liars — in the world!"

The necklace became of its usual size. Coralie cried with pain and shame.

"That was why he gave me the necklace. He said that it was a guardian of the truth."

Her friends were sorry for her, for they knew how they should feel in her place.

"You are very good," said one of them. "If I were in your place, I should send back the necklace. It's handsome, but it's a great deal too troublesome. Why don't you take it off?"

Coralie was silent, but the stones began to dance up and down, making a terrible clatter.

"There is something that you have not told us," said the little girls, laughing at this strange dance.

"I like to wear it."

The stones danced and clattered more than ever.

"There is a reason which you are hiding from us," said the children.

"Well, since I can't hide anything from you, I will say that he forbade me to take it off, or something terrible would happen to me."

You can imagine that anybody wearing a necklace like that would have to keep to the truth. For the Necklace of Truth turned dull when Coralie did not tell the truth, it grew longer whenever she told more than the truth, it choked her when she hid part of the truth, and even when she kept silent instead of telling the truth it danced and clattered.

So Coralie gave up lying, and when she became used to telling the truth she found herself so happy that she hated lying and the necklace had nothing more to do.

Long before the year had passed Merlin came for his necklace, which he needed for another child who was untruthful. He knew that Coralie did not need it any longer.

No one can tell me what has become of the wonderful Necklace of

Truth, though it is being hunted for. But if I were a child in the habit of telling lies, I should not feel sure that it might not some day be found again.

VII. Song, "My Country's Flag" — 5 minutes

(From *Songs for Little People*. See also the Good American Rally Day Service. Precede this by repeating the Bible verses on truth-telling, and saying, "*The good American tells the truth.*")

VIII. March with Flags — 5 minutes

IX. Story, The Smallest Loaf

(Tell the story given in the second lesson emphasizing Gretchen's honesty. If the children have heard this story, ask one to tell you the story of a child who would not keep money she thought belonged to somebody else.)

X. Bible Verse and Song

(Repeat, "Thou shalt not steal," and say "*The good American is honest.*" Song, "I Cannot do Great Things.")

XI. Patriotic Song

(Choice of the children.)

THE LAW OF CLEAN PLAY

FIFTH LESSON

Material: Bible. Blackboard. *Songs for Little People*. *A Child's Garden of Verses*, by Stevenson. Flag.

I. Responsive Service

(The parts for the children are written on the blackboard or type-written on slips of paper. Of course only the older children will be able to read them.)

Teacher: This is the day which the Lord hath made;

Children: We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Teacher: Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,

Children: And into his courts with praise.

Teacher: The Lord hath done great things for us,

Children: Whereof we are glad.

Teacher: O give thanks unto the Lord:

Children: For he is good.

Teacher: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,

Children: And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

Teacher: I will praise thee, O Lord my God,

Children: With my whole heart.

II. Song, "This is God's House" — 2 minutes

(*Songs for Little People.* If the children do not know it, teach it or sing it to them. When the class is not held in a church explain that wherever people meet to think about God and pray, there he is.)

III. Prayer

IV. Songs of Praise — 5 minutes

(Those that are familiar, such as "Praise Him, Praise Him, All Ye Little Children," "Lord of the Sunlight" and "Summer Praise.")

V. Offering

VI. Poems and Conversation — 10 minutes

(Read or repeat to the children Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Good Play," and "The Land of Counterpane." Get them to talk informally about their play, the games they like, what amuses them when they are getting well.)

VII. Pantomime — 5 minutes

(The younger children show in pantomime what they like to play and the older ones guess what they mean.)

VIII. Story, The Party

"There comes Helen," said Mrs. March.

As she was sitting with her back to the window, it certainly was not her eyes that told her. No; it was cries that grew louder and louder as a girl with tears rolling down her cheeks came up the piazza steps.

"What is the matter?" asked the mother, as she lifted Helen on her lap.

"They never asked — me — to the — par — ty. Oh, dear me!" she said, shaking with sobs.

"Whose party?"

"Daisy's and Fred's. It's Saturday. They asked all the others in my room except two Italian boys and me."

"Maybe it was a mistake."

"No, it wasn't. I heard them say to that bashful new girl, 'You'll have a good time. Helen won't be there.' Oh, dear me!"

Brrrrr rang the telephone bell.

Mrs. March came back from answering it with a puzzled expression.

"Helen," she said, "Daisy's and Fred's mother telephoned an invitation to their party."

"Oh!" said Helen, and her sobs stopped. Then she asked, "Did she say they wanted me?"

"No-o. She just said they left you out, and of course you were on the list."

Helen looked so much like crying again that her mother proposed they make some lemonade, but she kept wondering what there was about her child that made her unwelcome at a party.

The next day Mrs. March visited school, and at recess she stood at a window and watched the children play. The first game was tag, and Helen could not be caught. She did not seem to be running very fast, either. Mrs. March watched closely. How did it happen that every child who got between Helen and the one who was "it" was caught? One almost tumbled, another stopped short, and the new and bashful girl fell flat. Mrs. March had seen Helen put out her foot and trip her. Then there was a shout as Helen was touched. "You're 'it'! Good enough! You're 'it'!"

"No, I'm not," said Helen. "That wasn't fair."

"You were touched. You're 'it.'"

"I shall not be 'it'!" cried Helen.

Just then the school bell rang and the children came in, but Mrs. March had seen enough to show her why Helen was not wanted at parties.

After supper she asked her to play croquet. As Helen was trying to get her ball through a wicket her mother jostled her, so it went around the edge.

"Why! that was your fault, mother," said Helen.

Mrs. March only laughed and took her turn. She missed her wicket, too, but she played again.

"That's not fair, mother," said Helen.

"It's as fair as you played at recess," said Mrs. March. "When I saw you trip up that shy little girl and refuse to be 'it,' I knew why Daisy and Fred didn't want you at their party."

Helen hung her head.

"I'm asked to help at the party," said Mrs. March, "and I shall expect my little girl to play fair and be as polite in the games as she is in school."

Saturday and the party came. The first game was Blindman's Buff.

"I'll be 'it,'" Helen said, the very first thing, and she was so funny groping about and so slow guessing the child she caught that all the children laughed at her, and she laughed the loudest. When the bashful girl had been "it" a long while, Helen let herself be caught, and Daisy squeezed her hand and said, "I'm so glad you came, Helen!"

And when the same bashful girl asked to play the Farmer in the Dell, Helen started to say, "I hate it," but she stopped after I, and said instead, "I will."

A happy mother and a happy girl went home together afterwards. It was still an hour before bedtime. Mrs. March laughed and said, "If you will play croquet with me, dear, I promise to play fair and as politely as you did at the party."

"I had just a lovely time," said Helen, and ran to get the mallets.

IX. Song and Salute to the Flag

("The Good American" on page 6. Have the children repeat after you, "*The Good American plays fair.*")

X. Making a Poster — 10 minutes

(Make a poster by outlining a flag, and letting the children come up one by one and color it, and then place it in a conspicuous place.)

XI. Patriotic Song

(Choice of children.)

THE LAW OF DUTY

SIXTH LESSON

Material: Bible. *Songs for Little People.* Blackboard. Large flag and several small flags.

I. Song, "The Star-Spangled Banner"

II. Salute to the Flag

(Let a child hold the poster in connection with this.)

III. Story, Tony stays by the Flag¹

"It's a new one, Jim," Harold said, "a brand-new flag. My Uncle Dave gave it to me."

"She's a bonny flag," answered Jim. "Let me hold her a minute."

"Hold it carefully," Harold said; "for it's the flag of our country, and we must never let it get torn or dirty. My Uncle Dave says so."

"Me, I hold-a da flag," said a little voice behind them. There was Tony Retelli, his big black eyes staring at the flag, and his hands stretched out.

"Oh, my, no!" cried Harold; "you might get it dirty."

"Or tear her," said Jim.

"She's a bonny flag."

"Please," begged Tony.

"No," Harold answered firmly; "but we'll have a procession and you may march behind."

So Harold and Jim, carrying the flag between them and whistling all the tunes they knew one after the other, marched down the street, with Tony walking behind. Tony could not whistle but he could sing, and he sang "Mia Maria," just as nicely as he knew how. All the people they passed smiled at the procession. Pretty soon Harold stopped. "Let's salute the flag," he said. "We'll put the stick in this crack in the sidewalk. There! see how straight it stands? You salute it, as we do in school, and I'll salute it."

"Me s'lute," begged Tony.

"Oh, you don't understand!" Jim said.

"No, he doesn't understand at all," agreed Harold. "What's that? A hand-organ! Maybe a monkey!"

He and Jim started to run. Around the corner and down the street they raced. They found the hand-organ, and yes, there was a monkey! They talked to the monkey. They asked the organ-grinder what his name was and what the monkey's name was. They watched two little girls dance. They had a fine time until the organ-grinder began to play something. What was it?

"I know that piece," said Jim. "We sing it in school."

"It's the Star-Spangled Banner," said Harold. "Why, my flag! Didn't you bring it?"

"Your flag!" cried Jim. "Didn't you bring her?"

¹ From the *Mayflower*.

They ran back as fast as they had come up the street. They didn't wait to say "good-bye" to the organ-grinder or the monkey.

"S'pose it falls down — get's walked on," Harold gasped.

"Or a dog tears her."

"Or somebody steals it."

They almost flew around the corner, and then they stopped and looked at each other. They were ashamed. The flag, waving gently, was standing straight up in the crack. It hadn't fallen down, no dog had played with it, nobody had stolen it, because, standing beside it with his hands at his side and his head up, was Tony.

"She stuck," he explained; "so me, I couldn't come. Me, I stay by da bon' flag."

Together Jim and Harold pulled the flag stick from the crack. They looked very sober. The procession facing the corner formed in line with Tony, a wide smile on his face, falling in behind. But the procession went only a few steps before the leaders stopped and spoke — both at once.

"I guess Tony ought to carry the flag," was what they said.

So Tony, with the flag over his shoulder and a wide, wide smile on his face, led the procession.

"After a while we'll teach him to salute her," Jim said; and Harold answered, "Sure!"

IV. Songs, "America" and "My Country's Flag" — 5 minutes

(The second song is from *Songs for Little People*. See also The Good American Rally Day Service.)

V. Prayer — 2 minutes

(For help to be true and faithful in whatever we do.)

VI. Bible Verse

(Teach "Do the things that are pleasing in his sight." — *1 John 3:22*.)

VII. Offering

VIII. Blackboard Exercise — 10 minutes

(Ask the children to draw objects they have used in doing something their mothers or fathers asked them to do that was hard. These may be a hoe, lawn-mower, dish-mop, dust-cloth, etc. Even the

youngest children can make crude drawings. The others guess what the difficult duty was. Connect with this the verse, "Children, obey your parents.")

IX. Songs — 10 minutes

(Such songs as "I Cannot Do Great Things," "Oh, What Can Little Hands Do" and "The Children's Service.")

X. Story, The Sailor Man¹

Once upon a time two children came to the house of a sailor man, who lived beside the salt sea; and they found the sailor man sitting in his doorway, knotting ropes.

"How do you do?" asked the sailor man.

"We are very well, thank you," said the children, who had learned manners, "and we hope you are the same. We heard that you had a boat, and we thought that perhaps you would take us out in her, and teach us how to sail, for that is what we wish most to know."

"All in good time," said the sailor man. "I am busy now, but by and by, when my work is done, I may perhaps take one of you if you are ready to learn. Meantime here are some ropes that need knotting; you might be doing that, since it has to be done." And he showed them how the knots should be tied, and went away and left them.

When he was gone the first child ran to the window and looked out.

"There is the sea," he said. "The waves come up on the beach, almost to the door of the house. They run up all white, like prancing horses, and then they go dragging back. Come and look!

"I cannot," said the second child. "I am tying a knot."

"I shall have a delightful sail in that boat," said the first child.

"I expect that the sailor man will take me, because I am the eldest and I know more about it. There was no need of my watching when he showed you the knots, because I knew how already."

Just then the sailor man came in.

"Well," he said, "my work is over. What have you been doing in the meantime?"

"I have been looking at the boat," said the first child. "What a beauty she is! I shall have the best time in her that ever I had in my life."

¹ From the *Golden Windows*, by Laura E. Richards. Used by permission of Little, Brown Co.

"I have been tying knots," said the second child.

"Come, then," said the sailor man, and he held out his hand to the second child. "I will take you out in the boat, and teach you to sail her."

"But I am the eldest," cried the first child, "and I know a great deal more than she does."

"That may be," said the sailor man; "but a person must learn to tie a knot before he can learn to sail a boat."

"But I have learned to tie a knot," cried the child, "I know all about it!"

"How can I tell that?" asked the sailor man.

XI. Verses and Songs — 7 minutes

(Say "*The Good American does his duty.*" Sing "*The Good American*," page 6. Repeat the two Bible verses in concert and let a child choose a song of which one of these verses reminds him.)

XII. March with Flags — 5 minutes

THE LAW OF GOOD WORKMANSHIP

SEVENTH LESSON

Material: Bible. Flag. *Songs for Little People.* Beginners' Picture Set No. 1, "Harvest Time." Beginners' Picture Set No. 2, "The Carpenter," "Building the Wall," "The Garden." Beginners' Additional Picture Set, "Child Pasting" (International Graded Lessons).

I. Song, "America" — 5 minutes

II. Salute to the Flag

III. Bible Verses and Pictures — 15 minutes

(Show each picture, asking the children to tell what they see in it; read the Bible verse and have them repeat it with you. Then ask them how they can carry out the verse.)

Picture: A workman, such as "The Carpenter," in Beginners' Picture Set No. 2.

Verse: Work with your hands. — *1 Thess. 4:11.*

Application : Each child may tell or show by motions some work he does with his hands.

Picture : A child eating, such as "An old woman and a child asking a blessing," Beginners' Additional Picture Set, and a farmer, such as "Harvest Time," Beginners' Picture Set No. 1.

Verse : If any will not work, neither let him eat. — *2 Thess. 3 : 10*.

Application : Ask who works that we may eat, and what part of the work of the world children can do.

Picture : Many people working, such as "Building the Wall," Beginners' Picture Set No. 2.

Verse : The people had a mind to work. — *Neh. 4 : 6*.

Application : Talk about the pleasure of children's working when they are glad to.

Picture : Children caring for birds or animals and plants, such as "The Garden," Beginners' Picture Set No. 2.

Verse : We are God's fellow-workers. — *1 Cor. 3 : 9*.

Application : Ask what children have helped care for God's birds or plants.

Picture : A child engaged in some occupation, such as "Child pasting," Beginners' Additional Picture Set.

Verse : Learn to do well. — *Isaiah 1 : 17*.

Application : Talk about taking pains with one's work.

IV. Song, "Oh, What Can Little Hands Do?" — 5 minutes
(From *Songs for Little People*. Teach the first verse.)

V. Prayer

(For help to work well.)

VI. Offering

VII. Story, The Little Railroad Man

Eugene felt like a real railroad man, as he started outdoors to lay his toy railroad track. It was a birthday present from Uncle Jake, and he had made it himself. There were the rails, all ready to be fitted together, and the boards of a little box car. Uncle Jake had put in the rivets and nails that would be needed and a small hammer. There was a card, too, with directions for putting the rails together and telling just where to nail the boards.

Eugene's little sister Daisy followed him out.

"I'll help," said little sister Daisy.

"You're too little," said Eugene. "Little girls can't help railroad men."

"Can I ride?" asked little sister Daisy.

"When I've built the car and laid the rails," said Eugene.

"Maybe I'll fall out the car."

"Not if I build it," said the little railroad man, getting out his hammer. "You can watch me."

So little sister Daisy sat and watched, while Eugene laid his track. He worked very carefully till he had laid half of it. Every piece of rail was fastened into every other exactly right. Then there were rivets to be put in, and he was careful with every one. The track ran from the back piazza almost to the barn. Then came a curve, and the curve was very hard to make.

"I'll stop and make the car," said the little railroad man.

"Make it strong," said little sister Daisy.

Eugene had to read what it said on Uncle Jake's card before he could put the car together. Before he had finished it was dinner time and after dinner the sun was very hot by the barn.

"Finish your car under the apple-tree, son," said Eugene's mother.

So Eugene hammered away under the apple-tree, while little sister Daisy took her nap. *Rap, tap, tap* rung out the hammer, and the boards became a car. Just that minute little sister Daisy came out.

"The car is done. Get in," said the railroad man.

Little sister Daisy did climb in. She just fitted in the car. Eugene had to sit on the edge, with his feet inside, but she could sit down with her feet straight out and her head peeping over the edge.

Eugene could hardly wait to run the car, but the card said, "Do not run the car till the track is all done."

So he set to work upon the curve. As I told you, the curve was hard to make, for there were many little pieces to be fitted together. Eugene worked carefully. He fitted the pieces just right, and put every rivet in. It took a long, long time.

"You're a slow railroad man," said little sister Daisy.

Eugene had just put in the smallest piece of rail. He could not find a rivet.

"What does it matter?" he said, "It's so little it can never come out."

"You're getting faster," said little sister Daisy, as he hurried on. Eugene put in the last piece of rail. He riveted every one. Only the tiny one was not fastened.

"There!" he said, "it's done. Now we'll put the car on."

He took the car to the back piazza where the railroad began. The car fitted perfectly on the rails.

"Get in, Daisy!" said Eugene.

Little sister Daisy climbed in and sat down. Her fat legs were straight out in front of her. Her head showed over the edge.

"I'll give you a push and away you'll go," said Eugene.

"I'm afraid!" cried little sister Daisy.

"You needn't be," said Eugene. "A good railroad man built this road. All aboard!"

So saying he gave the car a push and it started swiftly.

"Hold on at the curve!" called Eugene.

Little sister Daisy held on. Around it went. Then, crash and there lay little sister Daisy on the ground with the car on top of her.

"Oh, oh!" she cried. "You're — a bad — railroad — man."

The mother came running. "Never mind," she said, "you're not hurt. There, dear!"

Little sister Daisy was more frightened than hurt.

"Now, railroad man," said the mother, "see what was the matter with your railroad."

Eugene looked at the rails on the curve. The little piece he had not riveted stuck out at one side. It was this little piece that had caused the wreck.

"It was such a little piece I didn't think it would matter," said the railroad man.

"I'll — never — ride — in — that — car — again," sobbed little sister Daisy. "Bad — railroad — man!"

"Yes, you'll ride again," said the mother. "The railroad man will build his road over. I shall go after him and try every piece of rail, to be sure it is firm."

Soon there was a safe road, and little sister Daisy was riding in the car with her legs straight out, and her head showing over the top,

"All aboard!" shouted Eugene.

"You're a good railroad man," said little sister Daisy.

VIII. Making a Gift — 10 minutes

(The children illustrate good workmanship and also perform an act of service by making a scrapbook or some other simple and easily completed gift for a children's hospital or a sick child in the school or community. Make a point of careful workmanship, picturing the grief of a sick child whose gift should prove fragile.)

IX. Prayer

(Thanking God for the skill that made the work possible, and asking that the gift may bring joy, and prove of lasting worth.)

X. Songs — 8 minutes

(" Oh, What Can Little Hands Do? ", " The Good American " and choice of other songs.)

THE LAW OF TEAM-WORK

EIGHTH LESSON

Material: Bible. Flag. Good American Poster. *Songs for Little People. Beginners' Stories*, No. 92 (International Graded Lessons).

I. Exercise in Cooperation — 8 minutes

(Give children of various ages a part in getting the room ready for the class, as a practical demonstration in cooperation.)

II. Songs — 10 minutes

(Sing familiar songs with a small group, increasingly enlarged, and speak of the improvement as many take part. This unusual emphasis upon the manner of singing is to illustrate the benefits of cooperation.)

III. Story, Rosalie's Fingers

Rosalie had much to do. It was her birthday, and she could have a party, if she helped. The first thing to do was to make the cakes. Rosalie's mother made them and she poured them in little round tins and Rosalie put them in the oven. But oh! when she put in the last tin she burned her right thumb. With a thumb done up in a bandage she could not possibly frost the little cakes with pink frosting. You would think that four fingers would be enough to hold a knife, but it needs a thumb besides.

" You may get out the dishes for the table," said Rosalie's mother.

Rosalie took down the pink and white china from the closet shelves. She could do this with four fingers, if she was very careful. She was careful until she took down a cup, which she dropped on the floor. It broke, of course, and in picking up the pieces she cut the first finger of her right hand. Now she had a thumb and a finger done up in bandages, and with only three fingers she could not handle the delicate dishes.

"You may run the carpet-sweeper over the playroom rugs," her mother said.

Rosalie found that with three fingers and the help of her hand she could manage to use the carpet-sweeper. There was a needle that the carpet-sweeper did not take up, and Rosalie bent over to get it, and if you will believe me, she pricked her middle finger, and had to have that bound up!

Now, what do you suppose a child could do to help with only two unhurt fingers on her right hand, one the weak finger, and the other the little one? Nothing! She had her party, of course, for the children were invited, but her mother had to do all the getting ready and help Rosalie dress besides. For it takes a thumb and four fingers all doing their part to make a right hand that is worth much.

IV. Offering

(As the money is collected, piece by piece, suggest how little good can be done with one penny or two or three. Count it and name something that can be bought with the entire sum.)

V. Prayer — 2 minutes

(That good may be done by these gifts used together.)

VI. Cooperative Drawing — 15 minutes

(Mark off the blackboard into four parts, for the story of a house. Ask one set of children to draw trees and axes and saws; another boards, hammers, nails and planes; another bricks, panes of glass, and other parts that are not wood; another furnishings. Then ask them to count up with you the various workmen who helped make the house. Sing "Every-Day Helpers," in *Beginners' Stories*, No. 92, using the names of all the workmen mentioned.)

VII. Story, *The Red Mittens*¹

There was once a little boy who wanted a new pair of warm, red

¹ From the *Mayflower*.



mittens to keep his hands warm in the winter time, so he asked his grandmother if she would knit him a pair. But the grandmother had no skeins of red yarn.

"You will have to go to the shopkeeper," she said.

So the little boy went to the shopkeeper.

"Will you give me some skeins of red yarn so my grandmother can knit me a pair of red mittens to keep my hands warm?" the little boy asked the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper looked on his shelves, where there were tins of tea, and jars of peppermint sticks, but no yarn. Then he shook his head.

"You will have to go to the dyer," the shopkeeper said.

So the little boy went to the dyer.

"Will you dye some yarn red so that the shopkeeper may sell it to me, and my grandmother can knit me a pair of red mittens to keep my hands warm?" the little boy asked the dyer.

The dyer looked in his dye pot, where yarn was being dyed green, and blue, and violet, and brown, and yellow; but there was no yarn in the pot of red dye.

"You will have to go to the spinner for white yarn," the dyer said.

So the little boy went to the mill, where great wheels turned round and round, guided by the spinner.

"Will you give me some white yarn," he asked, "so the dyer may dye it red, and the shopkeeper may sell it to me, and my grandmother can knit me a pair of red mittens to keep my hands warm?"

But the spinning-wheels were quiet. There was no wool to spin into yarn.

"You will have to go to the sheepfold," the spinner said.

So the little boy went to the sheepfold, where there were mother sheep, and baby lambs, and a shepherd to care for them.

"Will you cut me a fleece of wool," the little boy asked the shepherd, "so the spinner may spin it into yarn, and the dyer may dye the yarn red? Then the shopkeeper may sell it to me, and my grandmother can knit me a pair of red mittens to keep my hands warm."

"I will," said the shepherd, and he cut a thick white fleece from the back of a mother sheep.

Then the little boy took the fleece of wool to the spinner, who started his wheels and spun the wool into white yarn. The dyer dyed

the white yarn red, and the shopkeeper sold some skeins of the red yarn to the little boy. Then the grandmother got out her shining knitting-needles and knitted the little boy a pair of red mittens.

They kept the little boy's hands warm in the winter, but they did more than that, oh, very much more!

They helped him to bring home the basket of groceries for his grandmother, and shovel a path from the street to the shopkeeper's door. The red mittens helped the little boy to carry measures of food to the sheep, and draw his little sister on her sled, and bring wood into the house for his mother.

They helped to keep others warm and happy, too, as well as the little boy himself. — *Carolyn S. Bailey.*

VIII. Use of Poster — 5 minutes

(Put in a prominent place the mounted and colored poster and ask the children to name different people who salute our flag. Say that the same flag floats over all, and that they all work with one another. Sing "The Good American.")

IX. Salute to the Flag and "The Star-Spangled Banner"

THE LAW OF KINDNESS

NINTH LESSON

Material: Bible. Flag. Good American Poster. *Beginners' Stories*, No. 18. (International Graded Lessons.) Harold Copping's picture, "The Hope of the World." (The Interchurch World Movement, 160 Fifth Ave., New York.) Material for making a scrap-book.

I. The Good Samaritan — 5 minutes

(According to the age of the majority, either tell the story as in *Beginners' Stories*, No. 18, or read Luke 10 : 30-35, with some explanation.)

II. Song and Bible Verse — 5 minutes

("Be ye kind one to another," from *Songs for Little People*, and the verse, "Forget not to show love unto strangers.")

III. Use of Poster and Flag — 10 minutes

(Salute the flag and then show the poster. Ask if people who speak

different languages salute our flag. Get the children to talk about the nationalities in school. Say that it is their country as well as ours. Repeat the verse, "Forget not to show love unto strangers." "*The Good American is kind.*" Sing "The Good American.")

IV. Story, Helping Genoa Out of Prison¹

Little Genoa, the new pupil, frowned at everything and everybody. She twitched the book away from Miss Wiseman, the teacher, and looked so savage that the children left her alone. So at recess she stood in a corner all by herself.

"She makes me think of a wildcat," said Gertrude to Don.

Donald did not feel right about the new pupil. Donald was a real Band of Mercy boy. He always carried turtles that were walking in the road back to a place of safety, and every dog and cat in the town knew him and spoke to him as he passed.

So Donald looked thoughtfully at Genoa, the strange little Italian girl. He fingered his apple, which he had chosen with great care from the wicker basket on the sideboard. It was a beautiful apple, streaked with bands of crimson and yellow, and Donald had expected to enjoy it himself at recess. But he thought that the new little girl needed it more than he did.

So he trotted up to her. You should have seen Genoa's eyes. They were bright and big and hard.

"Apple," said Donald, cheerfully, and put it in her dirty little hand.

Genoa was surprised. She looked at rosy, blue-eyed Donald, in his white linen suit, and smiled all over.

"Apple, apple," she repeated, and put her strong, white teeth into the fruit and ate it hungrily.

"She doesn't mean to be cross, only she can't talk English," Donald told the girls, who were a little ashamed that they had let Donald do the first kind thing.

The next recess the girls put Genoa into the swing. She was so pleased that she said "Swing, swing," for a long time to herself. She wanted to swing everybody else, but the girls taught her to play "Drop the Handkerchief."

By the second day Genoa was trying to talk and knew several

¹ From the *Mayflower*.

words. And she was so happy. The wild, fierce look had left her eyes and she laughed quite as often as everybody else. And at the end of a month Genoa's hands and face were as clean as anybody's.

"Genoa was in a little prison and Donald's apple helped her out," said Miss Wiseman.

"P'raps we'll be in a strange land sometime," said Gertrude, "and we'll need some one to help us out of prison."

V. Prayer — 2 minutes

(Asking for help to be kind to foreign children.)

VI. Picture and Verse — 5 minutes

(Harold Copping's "The Hope of the World." Let the children talk about it and use the verse "Forget not to show love unto strangers.")

VII. Story, Little Gardens²

"In Italy," said Angelo, "there are many little gardens. They must be little, for there is not much land, but nearly every family has one. I suppose here, where there is so much land, everybody has a large one?"

The other children looked at each other, but no one answered till Rob said, "There are plenty of gardens in town, but we don't care anything about them. We can all get enough to eat without raising it ourselves."

The school bell rang just then, so nobody saw how badly the little Italian boy felt at Rob's words. Rob did not mean to be unkind, either, but Angelo thought he did, which was about as bad for him. He was the only Italian boy in town and he was poor besides. He was often unhappy, because he thought that the other children were making fun of him, or his clothes, or the way he talked.

Rob and his friends did not understand this. They were waiting to get acquainted with Angelo, just as they would with any new boy. They did not know how lonely he was. So Angelo had rather a hard time, his first weeks of school.

But that morning there was a strange man sitting at the desk with the teacher, and when he began to tell about school gardens everybody

² From the *Mayflower*.

listened. They hadn't listened to Angelo, a few minutes before, but when a man is talking to you in school time you have to, and after a while you get interested.

It was this way. The man had a large lot of land and he would give each child who wanted it a small garden, and the seeds for it. Every school in town would have a lot of its own, and the school that had the best one would win the prize — a large silk American flag, to float over the schoolhouse.

What excitement there was at recess! Marbles and tops and everything else were forgotten, in talking about the garden. At first the children were all sure that the flag was as good as won, and they were even talking about the best place for it. Then some one found out that there was not a child in school who had ever made a garden. They forgot Angelo.

"And just think of all the farmers' boys in the Corner School," mourned Elsie. "It's no use trying; we haven't any chance at all."

Then Rob had an idea. "Oh, yes! we have," he cried. "Angelo, here, has made little gardens in Italy. He has one at home now, and he knows all about them. Let's make Angelo head gardener and we will win the flag sure."

How surprised every one looked. But they clapped their hands and said, "Yes, yes; Angelo must show us all about it and we will do as he says."

Angelo's black eyes shone and his white teeth gleamed. He wanted to start gardening right off, but the teacher came up and said the bell had been ringing some time and nobody seemed to hear it. She did not act cross about it, though.

The school did win the flag and the man gave Angelo a prize, besides. But what makes Angelo feel best is that all the other boys treat him like an American, and he feels that he is one. He says that if any Italians ever come to town, he is going to try to make them happier than he was at first.

VIII. Offering

(For some home missionary cause.)

IX. Story, Vincent's Neighbor³

The man on the platform talked a good deal about being a good

³ From the *Mayflower*.

neighbor. Vincent could not understand all he said, because he talked so fast and the words he used were not the words of a little boy. But he did understand enough to want very much to be a good neighbor.

In the summer hotel with Vincent and his father and mother were other grown people. He did not see how he could be a neighbor to them.

Of course he could run errands for mother, and of course he would mind quickly when she spoke to him. But that was not being neighborly, not when she was his very own mother. A neighbor was some one outside the family, Vincent was sure.

While he was thinking about it he went down to the beach to play with his new sailboat. The sailboat was a very wonderful gift from his Uncle Vincent, which he had found waiting for him when he reached the Assembly Park with his father and mother.

It was named *The Clipper*, and was painted yellow and black, with snowy white sails. Vincent could wade out in the shallow water for a long way, and by fastening a cord to the boat, so it could not get away, it would sail almost as well as the big boats on the lake.

Vincent had sailed his boat up and down the beach for quite a while and had forgotten all about being neighborly, when he chanced to look toward the shore. A little Chinese boy, the son of the laundryman, sat there watching him.

Now, Vincent did not know just how Chinese boys felt about sailboats. If it had been an American boy, he would have known at once that he ought to ask him to come on out and have some fun. But this little boy looked so different that Vincent thought he might feel different. So he played by himself, while the brown eyes of the little dark-skinned boy followed him.

"Don't you want to sail her?" Vincent asked at last. "You have to hang on tight, so she won't get away."

The dark eyes danced, as the little fellow jumped up and took the cord from Vincent. He splashed out into the water, and *The Clipper* spread her white sails proudly, as she floated off. The Chinese boy shouted and laughed, just as Vincent had the first time he sailed her.

"Here! I got some more string," he said to Vincent. "Let's tie that on. Then we can both sail her."

The two boys played very happily together, until Vincent's mother came down to tell him it was almost time for dinner. Then he remem-

bered the question he had been wondering about in the afternoon — how to be a good neighbor. He wondered whether letting the little Chinese boy play with his sailboat would be counted neighborly. He hadn't really done anything; he had only helped him to have a good time. He decided to ask his mother.

What do you think she said about it?

X. Occupation — 15 minutes

(Making a scrap-book or some other easily completed gift for a "neighbor.")

XI. "America"

THE LAW OF LOYALTY

TENTH LESSON

Material: Bible. Pictures of children and parents. Flag. Good American Poster. *Songs for Little People.*

I. Story, Little Ravageot¹

Not very long ago there lived a little boy who was so naughty that everybody was afraid of him. He struck his nurse, broke the plates and glasses, made faces at his father and was rude to his mother. He had been nicknamed Ravageot, which was the name of a dog as mischievous as he.

The whole town talked about Ravageot, and how he threw stones and pinched little girls and annoyed everybody, till finally the fairy Good Heart heard of it. The fairy Good Heart was as good as it is possible to be, but just on account of her goodness she could not endure evil to be done. She decided to give Ravageot a lesson, and told his parents that she would pay them a visit on a certain day.

■ This was a great honor, and a fine dinner was gotten ready.

■ "What shall we do with Ravageot?" said the father. "He will disgrace us."

■ "Don't be afraid," said the good mother, "I will ask him to be good and he will not refuse me."

But when the servants went to bring Ravageot to his mother, that she might dress him, he was nowhere to be found. The naughty

¹ From *Home Fairy Tales*, by Jean Macé. Adapted.

boy had heard of the fairy Good Heart, and was afraid of her, without knowing why. Hearing himself called, he hid, and was finally found in the pantry, with his fingers in the ice-cream.

As the cook was scolding because her beautiful cream was spoiled, up drove the fairy Good Heart, and while the servants rushed to let her in, Ravageot climbed up in the loft and hid under the fagots.

Now, as you know, the fairy Good Heart had come purposely to see Ravageot, so as soon as dinner was eaten, she said to the mother, in a voice that made her tremble, "Where is your little boy?" and when the servants could not find him, she sent her dwarf, Barbichon, after him. Barbichon could smell out naughty little boys and he went straight to the loft and brought Ravageot back in one hand, wriggling and twisting, and a dirty-looking object, with ice-cream over his face, a cobweb in his hair and charcoal in his clothes.

"Here is a child that likes to have his own way," said the fairy. "I will leave him a parting gift. He need never do anything that he does not wish." Then she said to the mother, "The first thing you will do will be to wash his face, for he is really too dirty," and she left the house, followed by Barbichon, carrying the train of her dress.

"Come, my dear little boy," the mother said, "let us do as the fairy bade us."

She took him to her dressing-room, but as soon as he felt the cold water in his nose and ears he began to kick, and ran to the other end of the room, crying, "Oh! it is too cold. I don't want my face washed."

His mother soon caught him, and passed the sponge over his face, but the water obeyed Ravageot's orders, and splashed right and left, but left the sponge dry.

His poor mother shook her wet dress and said, "Come, let me comb your hair, at least," and began to pass her beautiful gold comb through his hair.

"Oh, you hurt me!" cried Ravageot. "Let me alone! I don't want my hair combed," and the teeth of the comb bent backward and refused to enter his hair.

"I want to be washed and to have my hair combed," sobbed Ravageot, but it was too late.

His mother tried to put on his beautiful new blouse and his pretty buckled shoes.

"I don't want them!" he cried.

Then he changed his mind, and asked for his new blouse and buckled shoes. The blouse rose in the air. The higher he raised his hand, the higher it rose, until it fastened itself to the ceiling. As to his shoes, the first one that he tried to put on became so small a cat could not have put her paw into it, while the other grew so large Ravageot might have put both feet into it at once.

"What will become of us, my poor boy," said his mother, "if you will not obey at once? That is what the good fairy wished to teach you by her parting gift. When children are commanded to do anything the worst thing that could happen to them would be to have the power to disobey."

Then Ravageot cried, and the tears alone had the power to break the enchantment, and wet his clothes.

They went down-stairs where his books were. "Study hard, my dear child," said his mother.

Ravageot obeyed, but in the fourth line came a long, hard word, and he threw the book on the floor.

"I don't want to study," said he; "I'm tired of it."

"Oh!" said his mother, "is this what you promised me?"

"Forgive me, mamma," he said, and he picked up the book. It was impossible to open it.

His mother called the coachman and the porter, the locksmith with his hammer, and the carpenter with his saw, but none of them could open it.

"I will take another," said Ravageot, but it was glued to the table. He tried another and it disappeared.

His mother cried. "How will you ever learn anything?" she said. And because she cried he cried, and promised never more to disobey.

But at supper, when the soup was handed him, he said, "I don't want any," and it fell back into the tureen, splashing everybody. When Mary Ann took him to bed in disgrace and he said he did not want to go to bed, the bed capered about the room like a horse, and refused to let him in.

Worst of all, when his mother tried to take him in her arms, he pushed her away twenty times, and then when he was ready to go to her, he was unable to get near her, and they passed the night looking at each other, without being able to touch each other.

When morning had come, she said to Ravageot, "Come with me. We will go to the fairy Good Heart, and I will beg her to forgive you."

She left the house followed by the little boy, who no longer had the right to walk by his mother's side.

When they came to the fairy, the mother cried, "For pity's sake, take back the terrible gift which you made yesterday to my child."

"I cannot take back what I have given," said the fairy. "There is only one way of saving him, but it is a hard one. It is necessary that some one should consent to be punished in his place."

"If that is all, it is easy," said the mother. "I am all ready. What do you ask for him to be able to have his face washed, and be neat and clean?"

"For him to have his face washed, and be neat and clean, you must give me your beautiful complexion."

"Take my complexion, madam. What do I want of it, if my child must always remain untidy?"

In the twinkling of an eye the fairy washed the face of Ravageot, who smiled to see himself in the glass, fresh and rosy. But his joy vanished when he saw his mother's cheeks, tanned and wrinkled like an old woman's. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure in gazing at her dear child.

"What do you ask," she said, "for him to be able to have his beautiful hair combed and curled?"

"For him to have his hair combed and curled, I must have your hair."

"Take my hair, madam. What do I want of it, if my dear child's must always remain in disorder?"

The fairy, with three turns of the hand, smoothed and curled the hair of Ravageot. When he looked at his mother, his heart was wrung with pain. Her beautiful, black, glossy hair had disappeared and a few gray locks remained.

But she paid no attention. "What do you ask," she said, "for him to be able to put on his new clothes?"

"For him to put on his new clothes, I must have yours."

"Take my clothes, madam. What do I want of them, if my dear child must always remain in rags?"

Barbichon instantly handed the fairy a little jacket, embroidered with gold, white silk trousers, a blue velvet cap, trimmed with silver,

and shoes ornamented with precious stones, which in three seconds replaced the old clothes of Ravageot. He cried with joy, which changed to sorrow, when he saw his poor mother dressed in rags like a beggar.

But she saw nothing but her child's clothes and laughed with pleasure, showing her pearly teeth.

"What do you ask," she said, "for him to be able to eat soup?"

"For him to eat soup, I must have your teeth."

"Take my teeth, madam. What do I want of them, if my child cannot have nourishment?"

She had scarcely finished, when Barbichon held out a beautiful cup filled with soup. Ravageot had not eaten for a day, but with the first spoonful he heard a tooth fall. He would have gladly stopped, but his mother would not listen to it, and forced him to go on till not a tooth remained in her head.

"What do you ask for him to be able to sleep in his bed?" she asked.

"For him to sleep in his bed, you must give me yours."

"Take my bed, madam. What do I want of it, if my dear child must pass his nights on the hard floor? What do you ask for him to be able to study?"

"For him to be able to study, you must forget all that you know."

"Take all I know, madam. What do you ask for me to be able to clasp him in my arms?"

"To have the happiness of clasping him in your arms, you must give me all your other happiness."

"Take it, madam."

The fairy made a gesture, and Ravageot sprang in his mother's arms. Hand in hand they started for home, but the poor mother had forgotten all she ever knew, and could not find her way. Finally they were met by the servants, sent out to hunt for them.

"Who is the old beggar woman?" they asked Ravageot.

"My mother," he cried.

They laughed at the idea of the gray-haired, wrinkled woman, with no teeth and dressed in rags, being his beautiful mother, but they let her come home with him. Mary Ann would not allow her in the

house, though, and Ravageot, in his warm bed, could not sleep as he heard the rain and the wind, and thought of his mother outside.

His father had come home late and in the morning Ravageot found him in her room.

"O papa," he cried, "mamma is down-stairs at the door. I am sure she is very cold."

He dragged his father to the door, and there was the poor woman, her cheeks blue with cold, and her clothes dripping with rain. She caught Ravageot in her arms.

"What does this mean?" said the father.

"It is my mother," cried the child, "my good mother, who has become ugly and ragged for me."

At this moment Mary Ann came out, and shook her. "Begone, child-stealer!" she cried.

Ravageot threw himself on her.

"Take me back to the fairy!" he cried. "It is for me to be dirty and to sleep on the ground. I will give her back everything, and she must give back everything to mamma."

At that instant the fairy Good Heart stood beside them and kissed Ravageot on both cheeks, and disappeared. And there stood the mother with black hair and fresh cheeks, in a silk dress.

From that day Ravageot obeyed without speaking, and gave up his wishes as soon as they displeased his father and mother, and soon lost the name of Ravageot and was called good little Ernest, his real name.

II. Pictures and Bible Verse — 5 minutes

(Show the pictures of children and parents and ask who takes care of children and whom they must obey. Ask what happens when children do not wear the rubbers their mothers tell them to put on, or when they cross the street without looking for automobiles, as their fathers have warned them not to do. Show how parents are not able to save from danger children who disobey. Say to the children, "Children, obey your parents." Let them respond, "We will be true to our parents.")

III. Song, "A Child's Thanks"

(From *Songs for Little People*. If not familiar have the words written on the blackboard.)

IV. Conversation — 10 minutes

Fathers and mothers take care of children at home. Who takes care of them at school and helps them to learn? Will a child learn to read who does not attend to his teacher? Will a boy grow up into a good business man who does not do his number work? Teachers cannot help children to learn unless they obey them. (The children say, "We will be true to our teachers.") What other school have you? Each child may tell one thing he can do to be true to his church school. (Regular attendance, knowing memory verse and story, bringing an offering and being orderly will probably be mentioned.) Better than anything is to act out the Bible verses and be like the people in the stories who are brave and kind and good. Tell me somebody in a Bible story who was brave. Let's say, "We will be true to our church school by being brave like —." Tell me somebody who was kind. "We will be true to our church school by being kind like —." Tell me somebody who was obedient. "We will be true to our church school by being obedient like —." (This may be continued.)

V. Offering

(Speak of faithfulness in bringing money each Sunday as a way of being true to the church school, and tell the purpose of the offering.)

VI. Salute to the Flag and "America"

Over our schoolhouses and over some of our houses and churches waves our flag. What does our flag tell us to be true to? (Show the flag poster and give the pledge of allegiance. Sing first verse of "America.")

VII. Conversation — 5 minutes

(Ask the children to tell what a child can do for his country.)

VIII. "America"

(Second verse.)

IX. Story, The Little Soldier¹

There were once two little boys and each wished, oh! so very, very much, to be a soldier. It was a soldiers' day, the sun was up, and from every house a red, white and blue flag was flying. Soon the soldiers

¹From the *Mayflower*.

would march by in their gay-colored uniforms with the fifes playing pretty tunes and the drums beating time for the soldiers' feet.

The two little boys sat upon their two doorsteps and talked together across the fence about it all, for they were both very much excited.

"I shall be as fine a soldier as any of them," said the first little boy, whose name was Bobby.

"I shall put on my soldier's cap with the gold cockade and my fringed epaulets and my new red drum," he went on. "As soon as I hear the parade, I shall follow at the end and every one will see me."

"Oh, there it comes!"

There was the sound of music at the end of the street.

"We must hurry, Tommy," said Bobby. "You put on your cap and your epaulets and your drum, too."

So the two little boys put on their soldier caps, their fringed epaulets and their little red drums and they hurried off to join the parade.

Bobby could run the faster, so he soon outstripped Tommy, whose feet were short and fat, and got in his way a great deal. Soon Bobby had reached the end of the parade, but Tommy, left behind, nearly tumbled over a silky-eared dog which lay crying in the road.

"Pretty little dog! what's the matter?" asked Tommy, stopping and lifting the silky-eared dog up in his arms.

Then he saw. The dog's poor little paw had been broken and quite crushed by some heavy cart wheel. Tommy sat down on the curbing and bound the hurt paw with his own handkerchief and stroked the silky ears and whispered comforting words in them. Presently he got up, still holding the dog in his arms, and he started home, for it was quite too late now for him to follow the parade. Even the drums sounded far away.

"I can't be a soldier today. I can't be a soldier at all," said Tommy to himself, and one big, salt tear splashed down to the sidewalk.

"Why not?"

Tommy stopped suddenly and looked up right into the eyes of a real soldier in a long blue cape. The soldier had dropped out of the parade and was going home.

"You are a soldier," the real soldier said. "Look!"

He opened his cape and showed Tommy a shining gold star that he wore upon his coat.

"That is my decoration," he said. "They gave it to me because once I carried a wounded friend just as you are now. It was harder than fighting, my lad."

"Didn't you fight in any battle, or march in any parade?"

"Not that day," said the real soldier.

"And do you really think I can be a soldier?" Tommy asked again.

"You are a soldier," answered the real soldier again, stroking the dog's soft brown head.

X. Bible Verse

"Be ye kind one to another." Say that those who are kind to animals and people are true to their country and school and family.

XI. Songs — 7 minutes

"Be ye kind" (*Songs for Little People*); last verse of "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Schools should decide now whether or not they are going to use the *Good American Rally Day Service*. Programs and Supplements should be ordered immediately. See note under "Last Session."

THE LAW OF REVERENCE

ELEVENTH LESSON

(Additional Law)

Material: Bible. Flag. *Songs for Little People*.

Beginners' Picture Set, No. 1, The Dedication of Samuel; Jacob's Dream. Beginners' Picture Set, No. 2, Sistine Madonna; The Evening Prayer; Samuel. (International Graded Lessons.)

I. Bible Verses — 5 minutes

(Read from the blackboard or type-written slips.)

Teacher: This is the day which the Lord hath made;

Children: We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Teacher: Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,

Children: And into his courts with praise.

Teacher: The Lord hath done great things for us,

Children: Whereof we are glad.

Teacher: O give thanks unto the Lord,

Children: For he is good.

Teacher: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,

Children: And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

Teacher: I will praise thee

Children: With my whole heart.

II. Praise Songs — 10 minutes

(Any songs familiar to the children, such as "Praise Him, Praise Him, All Ye Little Children," "Chorus of Praise," and "Father in Heaven," from *Songs for Little People*.)

III. Bible Verse

Teacher: The Lord is in his holy temple,

Children: Let all the earth keep silence before him.

IV. Prayer

V. Song, "This is God's House" (From *Songs for Little People*.)

VI. Picture Talk — 15 minutes

I am going to show you some pictures and have you tell me the stories about them, if you know them, and to tell what you think was happening in the pictures that have no stories. (Show the large pictures listed above, or any others which have a reverent feeling, with the exception of "Jacob's Dream.")

VII. Offering

VIII. Songs — 5 minutes

(Let the children repeat one or two songs already sung or sing another familiar one.)

IX. Story, Jacob's Journey

A young man was starting on a journey to his uncle's. The young man's name was Jacob. This was the first long journey he had ever taken, and he was to go alone.

Jacob's visit would be a surprise to his uncle, for there was no way of letting him know he was coming. You see, it was long, long ago, when there were no telegraphs, or telephones, or post-offices. There were no trains, either, and no trolley-cars, and no automobiles. It would be a long journey and a lonely one.

At Jacob's home it was never lonely, for he lived in a tent on a big farm, where he and his brother took care of herds of cows and flocks of sheep and goats. At his Uncle Laban's home there would be more cows and sheep and goats, but on the long, long journey between there would be never the moo of the cow or the baa of a sheep. There would be no hurrying about to get the cows milked. There would be no father or mother or brother to speak to.

So Jacob started on his way, thinking that he was all alone. At first it didn't matter, for by just looking over his shoulder he could see his home. The sounds of the animals and the shouts of their keepers went with him. But as Jacob went on farther and farther the sounds grew fainter, and at last stopped. He did not turn his head any more, for his home was out of sight.

The sun, which had been high in the sky, reached the top of the western hills and then slipped below. Soon night would be here — night with no bed and no home and not a person to speak to. Jacob looked around for a stone that would do for a pillow, and lay down upon the ground. Looking up he saw the stars coming out, one after another. He saw, too, the rocks, like stone steps, so high they almost touched the sky.

It was very still and very lonely. He fell asleep.

And Jacob dreamed. In his dream he saw a ladder, much like the stone steps that nearly touched the sky, only that this ladder of his dream really did touch the sky. Up and down the ladder went angels of God, and God himself stood beside Jacob and spoke to him.

"I am God," he said, "God, whom thy father and thy grandfather loved. The land on which thou liest shall belong to thee. I am with thee, and will keep thee, and will bring thee back again. I will not leave thee."

Jacob woke from his sleep, and he said, "God is in this place, and I did not know it." Then he slept until it was morning and the sun lighted up the world.

As he lifted his head from his pillow of stone he remembered his dream. Even in this lonely place he was not alone. God was with him. So he set up the stone to help him to remember God, and he said, "If God will be with me, and will take care of me on this journey, and will give me bread to eat and clothes to wear, and bring me safe home, I will give a part of all I have to God."

Then he went on his way. After days and days he heard again the same sounds he had heard when he left his own home — cows mooing and sheep baaing, and men calling to the animals. He stopped at a well. Toward him came his cousin Rachel with her sheep. When she found he was her cousin, she kissed him and ran to get her father.

Jacob's journey was over. He wasn't lonely any more. And even on a long journey he would not be lonely again, for he knew that wherever he was, there was God.

X. Picture and Bible Verse — 2 minutes

(Show the picture. Teach, "I am with thee.")

XI. Song, "He Cares for Me" (From *Songs for Little People*.)

Note: Give out the parts of the Rally Day Service at the close of the session.

THE GOOD AMERICAN RALLY DAY SERVICE

LAST SESSION

This service may be secured from The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon St., Boston 9, Mass., or 19 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Price subject to change.

PROGRAMS FOR JUNIOR GROUP

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

Introducing the Lessons

Probably no group of children if asked what they wanted to study would choose a code of morals, but we might begin in some such fashion as this:

Recently a friend of mine was asked by an editor of a South American magazine to write a true story each month for his magazine, telling kind things Americans are doing. He wanted these stories, he said, because South Americans had the wrong impression of North Americans, and thought they were very selfish. So this young man is writing about how our great cities take care of the babies, about the wonderful national parks Uncle Sam has given us and about Red Cross Christmas seals.

Another friend who works among the Italian boys and girls who have just come to this country says that they expect to find all Americans rich and wearing diamonds and velvets, and that often wicked men dressed splendidly teach these boys to steal and lie in order to be "good" Americans and become rich.

Suppose we put on the blackboard the words "The good American is ——" and then fill in the things we think would describe the kind of Americans we want to be. (The boys and girls will usually suggest the things which can be put under the headings of the code. If they leave out one or two, tell them you have a list that won a \$5,000 prize, but that you will not tell them the points. If they do not think of them themselves keep them as surprises.)

Making a Good American Magazine

Suggest making a magazine with stories and pictures and departments that will show each point of the Good American code. Junior boys and girls like to play editor, and editing a magazine will be much more enjoyable than keeping a note-book. St. Nicholas with its departments and many of the current magazines will afford a pattern.

If the group is in one school they may make a group magazine, or if from different places each may make a magazine to take to his church-school teacher or parents. Let the pupils decide. If a pupil is to be

with the group only one period, let him make one page or department of the magazine. It might be feasible to make a weekly magazine with a law featured in each number.

Allow the pupils to decide with the study of each law what the magazine should contain. The features may be: retold stories illustrated, verses and hymns illustrated, salute to flag, code of morals with decorated border, pictures illustrating laws, healthgrams, letters, prayer composed by group, original stories.

Lesson Extension

Sufficient material is suggested for those leaders who have opportunity to work every day or for several hours each week with the group, as is often the case at a summer camp. Learning the hymns, dramatizing the stories, and doing the many things that will be suggested by the children in connection with each law will provide many hours' occupation. Any book mentioned in the lessons may be ordered from The Pilgrim Press.

THE LAW OF HEALTH

FIRST LESSON

Material: Bible. *Worship and Song* (The Pilgrim Press). Flag. Blackboard or large sheet of cardboard and crayon. Pads of paper and pencils. Material for making Healthgram — cardboard, marking ink and brush.

- I. Song Service, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and other familiar hymns — 3 minutes
- II. Brief Opening Prayer
- III. Conversation — 3 minutes

When our soldier boys lived in the homes of the French people, they had many friends among the French boys and girls. Of course these boys and girls watched them closely. One day one of the teachers in the school asked a class to write a letter about these new friends. Of course we are anxious to know what has especially impressed the French people. It seemed very strange, but almost every letter mentioned the same three things — (1) The Americans are big and strong; (2) they brush their teeth very often; (3) they drink water.

Do you think these things had anything to do with making the Americans good soldiers? What difference does brushing your teeth make? If you were a germ what would you say if you found boys and girls leaving food between their teeth?

Some people who believe cigarettes are harmful gave them to soldiers just as they would give morphine to a sick man, but which will be the healthiest American — the soldier that keeps on smoking cigarettes or the one who stops? Why? What about the soldier who never smoked?

IV. Discussion of Story of Daniel — 10 minutes

It never has been easy to always take the food and drink best for us. There is an old Bible story that shows how some boys found out that it paid. (If the boys and girls know the story, draw it out from them; if not, tell the story found in the first chapter of Daniel.)

Why were Daniel and his friends able to pass such a fine examination? If we take the right food for our body, what does it do for our minds? Does eating the right food make people like us any better? Why? Do you think it is true that if we are Good Americans we shall try to gain and keep perfect health? Suppose we repeat, "The good American will try to gain and keep perfect health."

V. The Flag's Health Message — 2 minutes

(Place on the blackboard and discuss the following message:

"The red, the white, the blue
Means the strong, the pure, the true."

Salute the flag and repeat the message.)

VI. Song, "Your Flag and My Flag"

(From *Worship and Song*, or any other familiar flag song.)

VII. Memory Work — 3 minutes

Men like Paul who have kept close to God have told us that keeping our health is a very important thing in the sight of God. He created our bodies for us to live in and it displeases him to have us careless. Paul asked a question when he wrote the first letter to the Corinthians which we should learn and ask of ourselves. Suppose you write it on your paper. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

VIII. Conversation — 5 minutes

Our government is helping us to keep healthy. Some things it compels us to do. Did you know that we could be arrested if some one in our homes was very sick and we did not send for the doctor? Do you know other laws of our nation, state or town that compel us to take care of our health and of the health of others? (Discuss laws of your town or state pertaining to spitting, ventilation and conditions in factories.) Some boys and girls are made very happy when laws are passed that help make the work their fathers are doing safe.

IX. Story

John Potenza was very much frightened. He had been listening to his father talking with some of the men who worked in the same factory. They had been speaking of one of their number who had just died. "I'll be the next," said John's father. John had looked up startled but the other men did not contradict him. They had seen one after another of their members drop out of the match factory, sick and poisoned from working with the phosphorus used in making matches. They knew that John's father was already marked with the beginning of the terrible phossy jaw which comes from phosphorus poisoning.

"They tell me there is a way to make matches without using the poisonous stuff," said one, "but the Diamond Match Company has that patented and so we can't use it in our factory."

"I've heard," said another, "that the government has begun to notice how many people are dying at the match factories and are trying to pass a law stopping them from making this kind of matches."

"That means our factory would have to close, there would be no work, and we would soon be starving," said John's father.

The other men looked sober; they would far rather go on risking their lives working with the poisonous phosphorus than have their children hungry and cold.

As the days went on John was very much troubled, for his teacher told him that it was really true that President Taft, for this was when he was President, and the men at Washington were making a law forbidding matches to be made with phosphorus. John didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. His father was sick and the doctor said he would not live long if he went back to the match factory to work,

and there was no other work to be had. Soon their money would be gone and there would be nothing to eat. John's brother, Tony, must leave school and go to work, his mother said. She had cried when she said it, for though Tony was big and strong she knew if he went into the factory it would not be long before the poison would take him too.

One morning when John started to school he met his teacher. As soon as she saw him she began to wave a paper. "Good news!" she called. "The law forbidding matches to be made the dangerous way is passed, but that is not all. The Diamond Match Company has said they will give up their patent and that means that all the match factories can go on making matches but in a safe way."

John was so happy he wanted to cry.

"Have I time to go home and tell mother?" he said, and as the teacher said, "Yes," he ran down the street.

That night some of the men who had heard about it, too, came to see John's father. Everybody laughed and talked at once, they were so happy.

"Those men in the Diamond Match Company are good Americans," said John's father. "They think more of people being well and happy than they do of money."

"I mean to be a good American," said Tony.

"Let's sing 'America' now," said John, who was so happy he had to do something.

So everybody stood up and sang "America," and because they were so happy they sang it with all their hearts.

Perhaps you would like to stand and sing it, too.

X. Conversation — 10 minutes

The government has another way of helping people attend to their health besides making laws. They call it "persuading." They use pictures, posters and healthgrams. (Show some obtained from your board of health. Perhaps some can be obtained for the group to distribute.) What do you think is the one most needed here? Could you make up a good healthgram of two or three words about eating, about fresh air, about cigarettes? (Put the ones suggested on the board. Vote on the best one and have those who can letter neatly make a placard to put in some conspicuous place.)

XI. Song, "America the Beautiful"

(Last verse sung with bowed heads as closing prayer verse. See the Good American Rally Day Service.)

Additional Things to Do

Choose the one suitable for your group.

1. Visit some factory and see the safety devices. Select one pupil to write to the Ford Company, Detroit, Michigan, or some other factory for leaflets regarding their welfare work. "The Health of the Worker," a pamphlet, may be obtained from Metropolitan Insurance Co., N. Y., upon request.

2. Make things for those who are ill or shut in.

3. Write ten things to do that will help to keep us strong, that we may do our work as good Americans should.

THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL**SECOND LESSON**

Material: Bible. Blackboard. *Worship and Song.* U. S. Flag and Christian Flag. Paper and pencils.

I. Conversation — 3 minutes

The soldiers have taught us many lessons, and one of the lessons is that we can make ourselves behave if we try. It was very hard for them at first, just as it is hard for us, to stand up together and to make themselves do things promptly. Have you watched a company of soldiers and noticed how they do things together as if they were one person? They will stand, turn, step and salute the flag all together. That is because they have been taught to control their bodies. And they honor their country when they make themselves obey promptly. If they did not salute the flag promptly, but did it lazily, one slower than the other, it would make us think they did not care for it. Today we are to have a service that honors our country and God, and we must remember that we will show our American spirit by our self-control and the promptness of our movements. First we will sing, then salute the flags and then bow in prayer. Now let us see if we can be self-controlled American soldiers, rising together, saluting together, bowing in prayer together.

II. Song, "The Star-Spangled Banner"

III. Salute to the Flag

IV. Prayer

V. Salute to the Christian Flag — 5 minutes

(If the children do not know it, teach them the salute.)

I pledge allegiance to my flag

And to the Saviour for whose kingdom it stands,

One brotherhood uniting all mankind

In service and in love.

VI. Song, "Fling out the Banner"

VII. Conversation — 2 minutes

It is a very hard thing to make our tongues mind. I knew a boy whose father told him to ask himself if it was worth while before he answered back. His face would get very white, his hands would be clenched. Sometimes he would walk away and never say a word. If he was right he would say what he had to say in such a quiet way that the boys knew they must give in or he would make them. He could make them do things because they saw that he could make himself do things.

Sometimes we do not make our tongues behave, and they tell things that are not true.

VIII. Story

This is the old, old story of a girl who went to a saint to confess her sins. The saint knew her chief fault. She was not a bad-hearted girl but she talked of her neighbors and sometimes the things she said of them were not quite true. The people she would tell would tell others and soon the story would be over all the country and a great deal of harm would be done.

The saint said to her, "My daughter, you do wrong to speak ill of others and I order you to perform a penance. You must buy a fowl in the market. Then walk out of town, and as you go along the road pull out the feathers from the bird and scatter them. Do not stop until you have plucked every feather. When you have done this, come back and tell me."

The girl thought this a very queer punishment but she did as the

saint had commanded. Then she went back to him and reported what she had done.

"Now, my daughter," said the saint, "you must go back the way you came and pick up all the feathers."

"But this cannot be done," said the girl in dismay. "By this time the wind has blown them all ways. I might pick up some, but I could not possibly gather all."

"Quite true, my daughter," said the saint. "And is it not so with the stories you have told? Have they not gone this way and that, carried from mouth to mouth until they are quite beyond you? Could you possibly bring them back if you wanted to do so?"

"No, father."

"Then, my daughter, when you are inclined to say unkind things about your neighbors, close your lips. Do not scatter these light and evil feathers by the wayside." — Adapted from F. J. Gould, "The Tongue and How to Use It," *The Golden Door*, Sneath.

IX. Memory Verse — 5 minutes

There is a Bible verse that will help us to remember that story. Open your Bibles to the Nineteenth Psalm and read the fourteenth verse. (If pupils do not have Bibles, have copies of verse to give out. Discuss the verse. Is it important that our meditations, that is, our thoughts, as well as our words, should be such that God will approve them? What harm do bad thoughts do? Take your watch and see who will be the first to memorize the verse. The pupils may raise their hands as soon as they can repeat it.)

We will sing a song our fathers and mothers sang when they were boys and girls. We have kept on singing it because it helps us when it is hard to control our words and our thoughts.

X. Song, "Yield Not to Temptation"

XI. Discussion: Jesus' Self-Control — 10 minutes

(The stories we have of Jesus show us what wonderful self-control he had. Discuss several of the incidents of the life of Jesus, such as the temptation, the attempts of the Pharisees to catch him, the suffering at the hands of the high priests, the betrayal by one of his own followers, and the cowardice of some of his friends. If the pupils are not familiar with the stories, relate some of the happenings briefly, showing how

Jesus kept his temper and controlled his tongue. Show how brave his self-control was. Because he had those struggles we feel that he can understand our hard fights and temptations.)

XII. Something to Do — 5 minutes

(Have each pupil write a letter to you and tell when they have the hardest time to make themselves behave — when they are eating, when they are playing, or when they are at school — and how they are going to be better Americans.)

We are building a description of a good American. Last week we had the first part. Let us repeat it, "The good American tries to gain and keep perfect health." Now let us change it. "*We* will try to gain and keep perfect health." Today we have the second part, "The good American controls himself."

XIII. Song, "Fight for the Right, Boys"

(From *Worship and Song*.)

XIV. Closing Prayer

(Let the pupils suggest some of the times when they especially need God to help them to be self-controlled.)

THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE

THIRD LESSON

Material: Bible. Mounting paper for poster. Missionary pictures. *Worship and Song*.

I. Song, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War"

II. Reading, Psalm 121

III. Prayer

IV. Conversation and Story — 15 minutes

We are building a description of a good American, and today we have another part to add to our picture.

"The good American is self-reliant."

To be sure we are right and then go ahead is not always easy. When Benjamin Franklin was experimenting with electricity, you remember, he wanted to find out whether lightning and electricity were

the same thing, and so he fastened a pointed wire to a silk kite and sent it up. Of course the lightning traveled down the cord, and he proved that lightning was electricity. When he read a paper telling of his discovery to the great society in London which was made up of learned men who were studying such things, they shouted with laughter at the idea. But Franklin didn't mind; he knew he was right, and soon others knew it too.

Almost every man who has done great things in the world has had the experience of being laughed at. When Samuel Morse had invented the telegraph and proved it would work, he and his friend Ezra Cornell, who afterward founded Cornell University, built a line in Boston from Milk Street to School Street; but nobody showed any interest in it. Then they built a line on Broadway in New York and New York laughed at it. They tried to organize a company to build a line in the West and Chicago wouldn't even subscribe a dollar. Finally after a very hard struggle they built a line from Baltimore to Washington. A great political convention was held about that time at Baltimore, and when the delegates came back to Washington they found to their amazement that the news of the nominations had reached the city before their train got in. People couldn't understand how it could possibly have happened, and when they were told the news had come over a wire there was great excitement. People forgot the political convention and could talk of nothing but the wonderful invention. Think what the world would have missed if Morse and Cornell had not been brave and self-reliant.

George Stephenson felt sure he could make a steam-engine that would run along a track, and so he started to build one the way he thought it ought to be. Great men in London and Edinburgh heard what this young English engineer was trying to do and came to see his engine. They laughed at it and would talk to Stephenson by the hour, telling him he was foolish to waste time and money on it. They were learned men and they could prove with their rules that it could not possibly run. Stephenson couldn't talk in the fine way these men could. He could only sit silently listening. But when they went away to London he would go back and work on his engine, for though he couldn't talk about it he knew he was right. And one day "Rocket," as he named his engine, ran; it ran along a track in the town where he lived. The very first steam-engine! How frightened the people of the

town were! How astonished were the great men and how proud was George Stephenson! Whenever we ride on a railroad train we ought to thank God for George Stephenson, who was so self-reliant and who went ahead even if he was laughed at.

V. Song, "Forward! be Our Watchword" (From *Worship and Song*.)

VI. Memory Work — 2 minutes

Jesus said these words:

"No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

"What kind of a furrow do you make if you 'rubber' while you are plowing?" a great man asks. Jesus knew; he knew that if we were going to be strong and useful we must stick to our jobs. What if Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Morse or George Stephenson had been afraid and wavered in their purpose?

VII. Song, "Be Strong" (From *Worship and Song*.)

VIII. Story of Peter

Jesus gave us a piece of work to do that takes more self-reliance than perhaps any other work in the world. That work is to go among strange people who do not know of God and tell them about him.

John Paton went to the island of Aniwa, where the people had never heard of God. He found that they realized some one must have given them all they had, but since no one had ever told them it was God, they were saying prayers to idols of wood and stone, asking them to send rain and food. When Mr. Paton told them of God, and of his Son, Jesus, they didn't know whether to believe him or not.

They had never heard of reading and writing. One day when Mr. Paton was building his new house he wanted a tool, so he wrote a note to Mrs. Paton on a chip and asked one of the men to take it to her.

"Why should I take that?" demanded the man.

"Mrs. Paton will know what it means," said Mr. Paton.

So the man carried it very carefully. Mrs. Paton read the message, threw away the chip and brought the tool. The man picked up the chip. This time he held it as far from him as possible, as he carried it and the tool back to Mr. Paton.

"How did your wife know what you wanted?" he asked Mr. Paton.

Mr. Paton showed him the marks on the piece of board and told him about reading and writing.

"Can I learn?" said the man.

That was just what Mr. Paton wanted and very soon he had a class studying with him.

When the hot days came, everything began to dry up and the people grew very anxious for rain. Mr. Paton suggested digging some wells. They laughed at him.

"Dig down for water?" they said. "Why, water comes from above."

"God has taught us many things," said Mr. Paton, "and we know if we dig down, almost always we will find fresh water which God has stored away for us."

So he began to dig. At first the people helped him, but one night some dirt caved into the well and after that they were afraid and Mr. Paton had to go on with the work alone. They would pull up the buckets of dirt for him, however, if he paid them with — what do you suppose? — fish-hooks! They thought fish-hooks were wonderful things and would pull up several buckets of dirt for one.

Mr. Paton worked hard. It took a long time with only one to dig, but one day he saw the dirt at the bottom of the well getting moist and he knew his task was almost done. Would the water be fresh or salt? They were on an island, you remember, with the salt sea all around. He could hardly wait until he could scoop up a bit in his hand and taste it. It was fresh! How happy he was!

Then he sent some to the people waiting above. They too were very anxious. As they tasted it they said, "It's rain water, it's rain water!" and clapped their hands with joy.

Not long after this one of the men told all the people to come together and to bring their idols. He told them all Mr. Paton had done since he had come to the island. Then he repeated the stories Mr. Paton had told of God's love. He said, "What Mr. Paton tells us is true. We know it's true about reading and writing, because we are learning to read and write ourselves. What he told us about the well is true. See, here is the water, and what he tells us about the Father — God and his Son, Jesus, is true. The idols of wood and stone cannot hear our prayers. Let us cast them away and worship the true God."

So the people threw their idols of stone into the sea and the wooden ones were piled in a great heap and burned.

Years after, when Mr. Paton was visiting here in America, some one said to him, "Why didn't you bring one of the idols of the island of Aniwa with you? We would like to have seen what it was like."

And the great missionary said very simply, "I did think I would, but we hunted all over the island and could not find one."

IX. Something to do — 10 minutes

(Prepare a scrap-book or poster showing the life of the people of Africa, China or some country that needs our help, and lead the group to undertake some definite work for them. Perhaps a summer Christmas tree can be planned and gifts for far-away children made. Pictures for the poster and suggestions for the summer Christmas tree can be obtained from the denominational missionary boards or from the Missionary Education Department of the Interchurch World Movement. The children should be allowed to use their initiative, under guidance, in planning for the tree and in making and selecting gifts.)

X. Prayer

THE LAW OF RELIABILITY

FOURTH LESSON

Material: Bible. *Worship and Song.* Prints of picture "Sir Galahad," by Watts. Mounting paper. Paste.

I. Song, "Dare to be Brave, Dare to be True"

II. Conversation — 10 minutes

That song leads us to think of another part of a good American's life. Let us repeat the laws we have learned before.

"The good American tries to gain and keep perfect health.

"The good American controls himself.

"The good American is self-reliant."

And now we have another part of our code:

"The good American is reliable."

How many of you remember the story of George Washington and the cherry tree?

Do you believe it? What part don't you believe? Is it an impossible thing for a boy to own up as Washington did? Can you tell other stories of boys who were brave in the same way?

Washington was brave and honorable all through his life. We may not believe the story that he *never* told a lie, for he was not perfect, but we know that one of his friends wrote, "The General is a very honest man," and another said he was "the honestest man that I believe ever adorned human nature."

III. Bible Hunt — 8 minutes

Give out the following references to the group one at a time; let the first one who finds each one rise and read: Exodus 20 : 15; 1 Peter 4 : 15, 16; Zechariah 8 : 16; Colossians 3 : 9; Ephesians 4 : 28; Proverbs 13 : 22; and Ephesians 4 : 25. If groups are not accustomed to handling the Bible, the written verses may be distributed.

Discuss the bearing of these verses upon making a reliable American. Is it necessary to do the things suggested in the verses in order to be a good American?

IV. Story

Peter's struggle to be reliable. The teacher may relate briefly the following points of Peter's struggle, or draw the story from the children if they are familiar with it: His self-confidence (Mark 14 : 27-31). His lack of a feeling of responsibility (Mark 14 : 32-39). His impulsiveness (John 18 : 10). His dishonesty (Luke 22 : 54-60). His sorrow (Luke 22 : 61-62). How he was given another chance (Mark 16 : 6-7; Luke 24 : 33-34 and John 21 : 2-18). How he worked for Jesus (Acts 2 : 37-42 and Acts 3 : 1-10). How brave he was (Acts 5 : 17-42). Do you think he was successful in his fight and did he become a man Jesus could trust?

V. Bible Reading

(Give out the verses written on slips, the first and second parts to the boys who are to read them and duplicate copies of the answer to all the rest of the group.)

First Boy: "Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord?"

Second Boy: "And who shall stand in his holy place?"

The Group: "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood and hath not sworn deceitfully."

VI. Song, "March on, O Soul, with Strength"

(From *Worship and Song*.)

VII. Story, Sir Galahad¹

(The teacher may show Watts' picture or copies of the Holy Grail pictures in the Boston Public Library.)

There is an old legend that the cup from which Christ drank at the last supper was in the possession of Joseph of Arimathæa.

Joseph placed the cup in a castle, which he kept guarded night and day. It was passed on to his descendants, who received the charge in sacred trust and continued to guard it faithfully. The cup itself, which came to be called the Holy Grail, was most mysterious and wonderful. It could be seen only by those who were perfectly pure in word, thought and deed. If an evil person came near, it was borne away as if by some invisible hand.

The sight of it was as food to the one to whom it was revealed, and gave him knowledge, and made him invulnerable in battle. But there was one thing it did not do. No matter how perfect the knight, he could still be tempted.

At length there came a king, keeper of the Grail, called Amfortas, the Fisher King, who was not strong enough to resist temptation. He yielded to an evil enchantment and was severely punished. Not only was the sight of the Grail denied him, but a spell was cast upon him and all his court, so that they lived in a sort of trance, neither sleeping nor waking. Thus they must remain until a knight pure in body and soul should come to break the spell and set them free.

Little was known about the enchanted castle, where the king and his men were held in the power of the spell, but many a young man began to plan the quest of the Grail. He must so live that by his good thoughts and deeds he might reach the enchanted castle, see the Holy Grail, and so set free the unhappy knights. He must be perfect, indeed, if he would achieve this, and full of courage, perseverance and patience.

The knights of King Arthur's round table were eager to see the Holy Grail. One day they were having a solemn meeting, their leader having just declared that this was the day when, according to prophecy, the stainless knight should come who should occupy the Siege Perilous. The¹ Siege Perilous was a chair over which the magician, Merlin, had

¹ Adapted from *Stories Pictures Tell*, Book VIII, Carpenter, by permission of Rand, McNally Co.

cast a spell, so that no man could sit in it without peril of death. Even Merlin himself was lost while sitting in his own chair. Only a blameless knight could hope for safety in this perilous seat. While Arthur and the knights were discussing the prophecy, there suddenly appeared a strange old man clothed in white, whom none had seen before.

He came toward the throne of King Arthur, leading Sir Galahad by the hand. The door and windows quietly and mysteriously closed of themselves; the room was filled with a strange light. The Angel of the Grail appeared before them, and gently lifted the red drapery from the chair, so that all read above the chair, in letters of fire, the flaming words, "This is Galahad's seat."

A wonderful rock of red marble had been discovered, protruding from the surface of a river. From its side projected a shining sword which none had been able to draw out. The king and his knights hastened to see this sword, but none succeeded in moving it. Now Sir Galahad arrived and drew the sword without the slightest difficulty, placing it in his empty scabbard, where it fitted exactly. He also secured a shield which had been left for him by his ancestor, and, thus armed, he was ready to start out in search of the Grail.

King Amfortas, keeper of the Grail, who yielded to temptation and so was denied the sight of the Grail, and his knights, upon whom was cast a fearful spell which was neither sleeping nor waking, anxiously awaited the arrival of Galahad. But, it was not enough that he should come; he must ask a certain question which alone could free them from their living death. Sir Galahad must ask the meaning of what he saw and by his question remove the enchantment. But he failed to ask the necessary question, and these people continued to suffer.

Continually seeking to again find the Castle of the Grail, Sir Galahad wandered about in this enchanted land. At length, catching a glimpse of a strange castle, he made haste to reach it, and found it to be the Castle of Imprisoned Maidens. These maidens represented the Virtues; and their jailers, the Seven Deadly Sins. Arriving at the gate of the castle, he found it guarded by these seven knights. A fierce conflict ensued in which Sir Galahad was victorious. Sir Galahad entered the castle and was welcomed by the maidens, who had long been expecting him, for it was according to prophecy that a perfect knight should come to deliver them.

After many days he again found the Castle of the Grail. Upon entering, he saw the same procession passing before the unseeing eyes of the suffering King Amfortas and his unhappy knights. As before, he could not understand it, but grown wiser by his hard-earned experience, he now knew that he must ask the question. His keen sympathy for the king brought the question to his lips, "What aileth thee, O king? And what mean these things?" At his words the spell was broken, and all was light and life again.

But King Amfortas wished for nothing more in life than to be permitted to die in peace. Sir Galahad affectionately bent over the dying Amfortas as he lifted him up that he might see the vision of the Grail, at last made visible to him again. The angel was carrying it away from the castle, and it was not seen again until Sir Galahad finally achieved it at Sarras.

Not only had Sir Galahad released the inmates of the enchanted Castle of the Grail, but he had removed the spell that was upon all the country round. But he had not yet achieved the Grail itself. So he started out once more on his noble white charger with two other knights.

When they arrived at the city of Sarras, Sir Galahad's shield was at once recognized, and the voyagers were treated as holy men. The knights went about doing good, and through the power given them by their purity they were enabled to heal the sick and the crippled.

The news of their good works aroused the jealousy and anger of the wicked king of that country, who cast the three knights into prison. Here they were fed by the Holy Grail. The wicked king grew very ill and at last sent for them, begging their mercy. Scarcely had they granted it when the king died. The whole city proclaimed Galahad king.

Galahad had been king of Sarras over a year when, sailing one day in his ship, he prayed that "when he might ask it, he should pass out of this world." He was promised that his request would be granted and that then he would see the Holy Grail unveiled.

As he knelt and made his request, his sword and shield, now useless, fell from him and the Grail was revealed to his sight. The Grail was borne heavenward, never to be seen again on earth.

VIII. Prayer

(That we may be true and trustworthy as "Sir Galahad" was.)

IX. Something to Do — 10 minutes

(Provide prints of Watts' picture of "Sir Galahad" and mounting paper. Let each trim and mount the picture to take home and hang near his bed, where each morning "Sir Galahad" can help him be a better American.)

X. Song, "God's Trumpet Wakes the Slumbering World"

(From *Worship and Song*.)

THE LAW OF CLEAN PLAY**FIFTH LESSON**

Material: Bible. *Worship and Song*. Flag.

I. Song, "Just Being Happy"

(From *Worship and Song*.)

II. Prayer

(Thanking God for the pleasures and happiness of our lives.)

III. The Story of Mayta¹

"What is your name?" asked the principal.

The swarthy Indian lad did not look up. "Mayta," he said.

"Boys have to pay something when they come to school here. Have you any money?"

"I earned this myself," he replied, holding out his hand in which lay five Bolivian dollars. "If that is not enough I can work."

"But this is not a school for Indian boys," objected the principal once more.

"I will work," repeated Mayta stolidly.

"We do need some one to help in the kitchen, but we cannot take you into the school with those clothes," and he looked at Mayta's bare legs and bright pincho.

"I have these," replied the boy undisturbed, and he unrolled a bundle containing long trousers, a short jacket and vest.

"Well, well," laughed the teacher, "I see you mean business, Mayta, and such a persistent boy ought to have a chance."

When the principal hurried into the assembly room a few moments

¹ Adapted from "South American Stories," by Anita B. Ferris, in *Everyland*. Used by permission.

later, there, on a back seat, sat Mayta, in his best suit. His eyes were fixed on the floor, and although the boys all about him were nudging one another and whispering, he did not once look up. Mr. Green frowned. How were his comfortable Spanish boys going to receive an Indian schoolmate who worked for his board?

In the class work Mayta did as well as the other boys. But in the school yard came the test.

"Peon," the boys said contemptuously. "A boy who works!"

"Slavey," called some one tauntingly after him.

"He does not answer. Let's call him Dummy," cried Fernando.

"Hello, Dummy," they all shouted. Mayta ground his teeth but never looked up. "There will come a time," he whispered fiercely.

The days passed. One day Mayta lingered in the school yard. The boys were practising with a football for a game called soccer which was to be played between the two teams. Suddenly the ball came spinning toward him and fell at his feet. Without thinking, he clasped his hands behind him and gave the ball a kick which sent it sailing like a bird across the yard.

"Say, you can play, can't you?" said Fernando. "Will you play with my team? You know the rules — never to touch the ball with your hands."

Mayta looked at the ground; then his love for the game got the better of his resentment. "Yes, I will play," he said shortly.

Mayta's team fought valiantly although the other team was better matched. The score was even when Mayta's opportunity came and he sent the ball in one clean kick straight from the center, across the field and over the goal. Fernando's team went wild with delight. They yelled themselves hoarse. Mayta glanced proudly at Mr. Green, his face for once boyish and smiling.

The second game was close but the other side won in spite of Mayta's quickness.

"Now for the rubber," called Fernando. "We'll beat even if we have a scrub team."

"Don't crow till you've won," yelled the other side.

Both teams were excited and the game was a desperate one.

"Two minutes more," called Mr. Green, and then the ball came slowly toward Mayta. He tried to kick, but instantly there was a

tangle of boys over the ball, each trying to find it and drag it out with his foot. Suddenly the ball rose clear and clean and shot over Fernando's goal.

"You cheated, Mayta," cried a boy. "No boy could have kicked the ball in such a mess. You used your hands."

"I didn't touch the ball," replied Mayta.

"You did," said another. "You were the first boy up. I saw you standing there."

"We play fair in this school," said Fernando. "We don't want any cheats here, do we, Senor Green?"

"Did you use your hands, Mayta?" asked Mr. Green slowly.

"No, Senor Green," answered Mayta.

"Somebody fouled," answered Mr. Green. "I hardly care to know who did, I'm so disappointed. I thought every boy here knew the motto of our playground, 'To tell the truth and play fair,' and had taken it as his own." He walked sadly into the schoolroom.

The boys broke up into groups and talked angrily. "Cheat," said one as Mayta passed.

Mayta looked for Fernando, the boy he had seen draw out the ball with his hands and send it over the goal. But he was not in sight. "The coward," he said under his breath. He wandered miserably away. What was the use of trying to get an education so he could teach his people? He was outside the school grounds when he caught sight of Fernando climbing a tree. "Now we are alone I'll fight it out with him," he said.

"Coward," called Mayta.

Fernando turned so suddenly he crashed to the ground.

He did not get up. Mayta tried to leave him. "I cannot go," he said and went back to try to rouse him and then lifted him on his back and carried him to the schoolroom. "He fell," he said in answer to Mr. Green's question and then slunk away to his room. "What's the use?" he said; "they think I'm a cheat."

"Mayta, Mayta." It was Senor Green's voice and Mayta went in where the doctor was just leaving a white-banded Fernando.

"Senor Green," said Fernando, "I want to tell you it was I who fouled today. I wanted my team to win so much. It was not Mayta. But then I could not rest. I fell from a tree and Mayta brought me home."

"I wished to leave him, Senor," cried Mayta. "I did not wish to carry him back, Senor. But, somehow, I *had* to."

"He is the best player in our school," murmured Fernando, sleepily.

IV. Recitation of the Code — 5 minutes

I wonder if you can guess what is the new law of right living that we are to learn today.

"The Good American plays fair."

Suppose we stand at attention, recite the laws of right living that we have learned and then salute the flag. We now know five laws of right living for good Americans.

1. The good American tries to gain and keep perfect health.
2. The good American controls himself.
3. The good American is self-reliant.
4. The good American is reliable.
5. The good American plays fair.

(Follow by the salute to the Christian flag.)

V. Song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"

VI. Our Bible Verse

"And every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things."

VII. Offering

VIII. Story, Giovanni Meets the Flag¹

Giovanni sighed and looked at the card again. It was his favorite, the beautiful Liberty statue. Well he remembered how they had all stood on the deck of the big ship as it entered New York harbor — he and Filomina, and their friends, Lina, Lucius, and Carlos.

"See the Liberty!" they all pointed.

"At night it sends forth light," Lina had informed them.

"See the big houses which reach up into the sky!" Filomina exclaimed. "If the wind blows hard, they will surely fall."

"The city is not as beautiful as our Napoli (Naples)," Lucius added softly.

"But it is very great," Giovanni had defended. "I shall go to

¹ From *Giovanni, Stories of an Italian Boy*, by Anita B. Ferris, by permission Missionary Education Movement.

school there and carve the figures, when I am a man, and make a week's pay in one day. Mother and Filomina shall have many brooches and ear-rings."

Then had come a sudden big pain. It had grown bigger and harder to bear all the way over on the barge which carried them to Ellis Island gate. Finally Giovanni could not stand upright, and the big American doctor inspector had sent them all to a special room where Giovanni could be examined. It was appendicitis, they said, and before Giovanni knew what had happened in this strange land, he found himself separated from mother and father, and finally, here in this big, light room in a very clean white bed, where he had lain for two long weeks. All the family, instead of going into the great new city, had to wait and wait in the big detention room with nothing to do until he should be well again.

Mother could not come to see him, but a kind lady of the new land, who spoke his language, came every day and carried messages back and forth. Her name was Miss Brown, and Umberto, a little boy from Calabria, who lay in the next bed, and who had a broken leg, because he had fallen on the deck of the big ship which brought him over, said that people called her a missionary, whatever that was. Always she brought fruit or flowers or some little gift with her to make the long days pleasant, and eagerly the boys looked for her.

Yesterday Miss Brown had brought six bright picture-cards for each of the boys, Umberto, Giovanni, and little Isaac Rashnowsky, who had something queer the matter with his hip and might have to go all the long way back to Russia. Besides — oh, wonder of wonders! — she had brought a splendid scrap-book, made by boys and girls in a Sunday school somewhere in the new land.

"You may all share the book," she smiled as she left them, "but the single cards are your own."

With the book and the pictures to look at and build with, the hours had passed quickly enough, but now they were all tired, and little Isaac was fretting with pain.

Suddenly Giovanni had an inspiration. "Umberto!" he called softly. "Umberto!" and quickly he doubled and twisted his fingers. "Uno, due, tre (one, two, three)," he counted.

Umberto's eyes brightened. It was the guessing game of the children of Naples, and Umberto knew it, too.

Quickly and excitedly the game went on, the boys twisting and doubling and stretching their fingers as only Italian boys can.

Little Isaac had learned to make himself understood since he lay on the cot near the Italian boys, and now he called their attention. By signs the boys succeeded in making him understand the game, and Isaac, too, began, though less skilfully, to double and twist his fingers for them to guess the numbers represented.

"But in Naples the boys play for soldi. We must play for a prize," exclaimed Giovanni. "It will be lots more fun."

"Yes," answered Umberto. "It will be the lottery, like in Italy."

Slowly Giovanni lifted his cards. "We shall each put up one of our cards." It was, indeed, a great prize.

Umberto nodded vigorously. He had always wanted that Liberty picture, which was Giovanni's. Perhaps he could win it.

They explained to Isaac, and then the game began with new zest. Umberto won; but when they tried to make Isaac understand that he must give up his card, "Naw, naw!" he exclaimed, and began to cry.

"Baby!" said Umberto with contempt.

"A man always stands by the game whether he wins or loses," added Giovanni scornfully. "Let him alone. He is no sport!" So Giovanni and Umberto went on together, with little Isaac watching.

More and more excited the boys became, their cheeks flushed as with fever. Sometimes Umberto won, and sometimes Giovanni, but in the end Giovanni held all of Umberto's six beautiful cards.

"Eh, but I will win yet!" exclaimed Umberto. "It is because my fingers are weak that I have not done better."

"There is the scrap-book," replied Giovanni excitedly. "It belongs to all of us. We might play for that. He who wins may keep it."

Eagerly Umberto consented. Here he might make up for his bad fortune, for, if he won the book, he would not mind so much the loss of his precious cards.

Again they played, but Umberto was too eager, and Giovanni's eyes always watched. Again he won. "It is mine," exclaimed Gio-

vanni excitedly. "Once more I have won. Do you stand by the game, Umberto?"

"Yes," answered Umberto, angrily, as he threw the scrap-book over on Giovanni's bed. "But I shall get even with you when we are out of the hospital!"

"The book is mine," replied Giovanni. "I won it. Every man stands by the fortunes of the grand lottery. I shall play the lotto here in America, and perhaps I shall win my fortune that way, and not by the carving. But I am lucky!" he ended happily.

"We shall see," answered Umberto grimly.

"Why, Giovanni," exclaimed the white-capped nurse, "what have you been doing? You look as if you had a temperature again. I am afraid you have played too hard with the pictures. I will pass this book on to some one else."

Not a word had Giovanni understood, but he did understand when the nurse picked up his book to carry it away.

"That is mine," he cried in Italian. "I won it! Let me have it."

But now the nurse did not understand. "Hush!" she said. "You must lie down, or you will displace your bandage."

"Give me my book," replied Giovanni angrily, getting up in his bed.

"Orderly!" called the nurse, and then the white-coated man and the nurse put Giovanni back in bed in spite of his struggles.

Just then Miss Brown appeared, her arms full of flowers and tiny flags. "Ah, Signorita!" exclaimed Giovanni, bursting into tears. "I cannot make them understand! They do not know. The book is mine. I won it at the game!" And he rushed on to explain.

"But in America we do not have the grand lotto, as you have in Italy, where if you buy lottery tickets and your number is drawn, the government will give you a great prize. We in America do not think it right to play games for money, for in that way you get something without giving anything of value in return. What did you give Umberto and Isaac in return for the scrap-book?"

"Why, I won it!" exclaimed Giovanni in astonishment. "Is not that enough? They might have won, had they been lucky."

"Isaac does not understand the game as you do, and Umberto's hands are very weak."

"But I have a thing about my stomach," answered Giovanni in defense, and reluctantly he saw the book passed on to Isaac.

"I have brought a flag for each of you today," smiled the visitor. "This is the flag of your new country, boys," and Miss Brown fastened a tiny, bright-colored flag to the head of each bed.

"Oh! it is pretty!" exclaimed Umberto.

"It is the flag of America," answered Miss Brown. "The white stands for purity, the blue for truth, and the red for courage. When you go to school, you will learn to salute it like this," and she repeated the salutation. "With liberty and justice for all," she emphasized in Italian. "We do not think men are good citizens in America, if they are not just to their fellow-men and do not give a fair return for what they get. There are men who do not do so, but we do not think them loyal to the flag."

And then Miss Brown told them the story of a little drummer boy, who once gave his life to save the colors.

"He was brave, very brave," exclaimed Giovanni, with glistening eyes, as Miss Brown said good-bye.

When the friendly visitor had gone, Umberto looked at Giovanni. "The lotto, it is not in America," he said wistfully, but Giovanni merely grunted and turned his back.

The night nurse lowered the light and retreated to her desk. Little Isaac Rashnowsky lay fast asleep, his package of bright-colored cards under his cheek. Softly Giovanni looked at Umberto. He, too, slept with light, quick breaths. Had he been crying?

Softly Giovanni sat up and looked at the little flag above his head. From under the pillow he drew forth twelve bright picture postcards. Quietly he selected six, and then slowly, very slowly, he added a seventh—a picture of the Liberty statue against a very pink sunset. The Signorita in the white cap still read at her desk. Softly Giovanni slipped, all unmindful of the "thing about his stomach," to the floor. How queer and wiggly his legs felt! He could hardly stand on them at all, but by clutching the table he reached Umberto's side, and then softly, very softly, he laid the seven cards on the pillow.

Back in his own bed he breathed a sigh of relief. Gently he pressed the little flag to his lips. "Da flag-a!" he whispered, and then thrilled to think he had said his first English words.

IX. Song, "America the Beautiful"

X. Something to Do — 10 minutes

(Play games with the group and help them to make right decisions. Plan to send or take some games to a mission for immigrant children. Arrange also for a patriotic poster to be made.)

THE LAW OF DUTY**SIXTH LESSON**

Material: Bible. *Worship and Song*. Blackboard. Clippings describing those who have suffered in doing their duty. The poster made last week.

I. Song, "Father, Lead Me Day by Day"

(From *Worship and Song*.)

II. Scripture Reading

Matt. 26 : 36-56.

III. Conversation — 7 minutes

I learned that a man was to speak on "What are we for?" I wanted to know so I went to hear him. He said, "We are here to make the world better, to make it a big family." What does the doctor do for this big family? The engineer? The girls in the canning factory? The postman? Let us make a list on the blackboard of the other members of the family who are helping. What part of this big family's work do you want to do when you grow up? What duties have you this year? (List on the blackboard the duties of members of the group, such as studying, the various tasks in the home, taking care of pets, helping younger brothers and sisters.) A person cannot be a good American until he finds out what he ought to do and then does it with his whole heart.

IV. The Story of Wylie

Dr. John Brown in his book *Rab and His Friends* tells a story I want you to know. (Teachers will find a longer form of the story in *How to Tell Stories to Children*, by Bryant.)

Wylie was a sheep-dog who was very faithful in caring for her master's sheep. When her master retired he gave her to two young men who lived in the nearest town. There she had nothing to do but

play all day long. After a while the family noticed Wylie disappeared every Tuesday night, returning in the morning very tired. They could not find out where she went.

In the city near there was a big market where the sheep were brought in on Tuesday night to be sold on Wednesday. They were always very frightened but when they were running about in confusion a beautiful dog would come trotting in and driving and pushing would coax them all safely in. As soon as the work was done the mysterious visitor would vanish. Week after week this happened and no one could find out where the dog came from.

One day Wylie went to walk with her masters and they happened to meet some sheep farmers, who cried, "Why, that's the dog," and then the story came out. Wylie had found a work to do. Some one said, "I guess the best people and the best dogs always work hard at something."

V. Recitation of the Code — 5 minutes

Once again we have learned something that makes a good American. "The good American does his duty." Repeat the code and salute the flag.

VI. The Story of Martin Luther ¹

(The teacher may lead the children to tell stories showing people who have done their duty in spite of hardships. Current papers and magazines are full of such stories. Ask them to note or clip all such for a week. Call their attention to the faithfulness to duty of Jesus in the Scripture read.)

Many years ago wicked men had gained control of God's church and this is the story of one of the bravest leaders of the church who dared to speak out against them.

A carriage, in which sat four men, was rapidly approaching the imperial city of Worms. After it rode a number of horsemen, and before it advanced a herald, bearing the yellow and black banner of the empire.

"See how the people are pouring from the gate to receive him!" said one of the riders, Dr. Justus Jonas of Wittenberg, to a companion. "Hark! the watchman on the gate sounds a trumpet, to announce his

¹ From *Martin of Mansfield*, by Margaret Sieback. Adapted by permission of Missionary Education Movement.

coming to the whole city. Now all the people are leaving their midday meal, and pouring into the streets to see Dr. Martin Luther."

"He is coming! he is coming!" rose the cry within the city.

"Come, hasten! let us see the great man," exclaimed one citizen to another.

"This is a great day," replied his neighbor, as they strained their eyes toward the gate. "The man is coming who has taken up the cause of the people against the evils within the church. No wonder the whole nation has arisen to stand behind him."

"Not all," said a surly voice behind them. "Not all, good neighbor. Archbishop Albert is furious with him; Duke George declares that he shall lose his head. It will be well for the noisy heretic if he returns alive from city of Worms."

"He has the emperor's promise of safe-conduct," said the first.

"So had John Huss at Constance," returned the other, "yet they burned him alive. This Luther should be careful how he answers the great and mighty Council."

"He comes! he comes!" broke out the shouts again, as the banner of the empire came in sight.

Around the corner came the carriage, and halted at the hotel of the Knights of St. John. Out of it stepped a short, dark-haired man in a black gown.

He cast a glance around, with his piercing dark eyes. The throng pressed to touch his garments. Up at the housetops he looked; down the street and up again. Every door, every window was crowded with gazing faces.

"God be with me!" exclaimed Martin Luther, feeling suddenly that the eyes of all the world were upon him. Then turning quickly, he passed into his hotel.

That evening came his friend George Spalatin, the Elector's secretary, to greet Dr. Luther.

"Thank God that you have arrived in safety!" he exclaimed, greeting Luther with warm affection.

"Our journey has been safe and prosperous, dear George," returned Dr. Luther, brightly.

"He speaks very mildly of his triumphal procession," said Dr. Jonas, laughing. "At every city and hamlet he was met by marching and singing people, cheering him on his way. Everywhere the people

begged him not to come to Worms. 'Your life is not safe, dear Dr. Luther. Do not go on,' was the cry on every hand. But he answered, 'Though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the house-roofs, I would still go on!'

"Yes," replied Spalatin, "I myself was afraid, and sent him a message to turn back; but his faith and courage make me ashamed to fear. The Elector is here, and will stand by his professor and his university to the utmost of his power."

"I have a stronger Friend than the great Elector, dear George," put in Luther, with a quiet smile.

Next day the summons came for Luther to appear before the great Diet, or council of the empire, which was holding its sessions in the bishop's palace.

The streets were so thronged that the imperial herald was not able to get Dr. Luther safely through the crowd; they were obliged to go back into the hotel garden and so make their way to the garden of the palace.

Into the great hall the herald led the solitary, black-robed figure. Within sat waiting for him all the nobles and princes of the empire. Just as the doors were opened, the gray-bearded old general, George of Frundsberg, stepped to his side and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Little monk, little monk!" he said kindly, "you are about to go into a more terrible battle than I and my knights have ever fought; but if your cause is just, and God is with you, go forward boldly, and have no fear."

And from all around came cries of encouragement. "Play the man! Fear not!"

From the crowd outside, and the people in the streets, arose shouts that could be heard within the palace. "Luther, our Luther!" "God bless Dr. Luther!"

So he went in, with smiling lips, to face the brilliant assembly.

On the throne chair, in his robes of state, sat the young emperor, Charles the Fifth. His long, pale face was calm as marble; but as his eyes fell on the slight figure following the herald a sneer crossed his cold lips. All about him gathered the princes of his realm — archbishops, cardinals, electors, margraves, dukes, and landgraves; besides these, the ambassadors of all the principal rulers of Europe.

Among them all Dr. Luther saw but one face he could count

friendly — the broad, good-natured countenance of the wise Elector Frederick.

Beside the throne stood a table with books upon it. As Luther glanced toward it, he saw the titles of several of his own books.

Then the voice of the chancellor broke the silence.

"Martin Luther, his Imperial Majesty has summoned you here, that you may recant and recall the words you have written in these books, published by you and spread abroad."

"Let the titles of the books be read!" cried a voice.

As the names of the books were read, one after another, Luther bowed his head, assenting to each. At the close, he spoke.

"I cannot deny that I have written all the books named; and I have also written some others not mentioned here. As for taking back what I said in them, I beg that your Imperial Majesty will give me time to consider, that I may make my answer without denying my Lord."

There was a buzz of excited conversation among the councilors. The Italian ambassadors did not want delay. Luther had spoken in a low voice, and they believed that he was frightened and ready to recant if he were threatened.

At length the chancellor announced that a delay of twenty-four hours should be granted; and the herald led Luther back to his room at the inn.

"Frightened? not at all!" declared Justus Jonas next day, to the friends who besieged the hotel all the morning. "You will hear whether he is frightened when he is ready to give his answer."

"But why did he not answer at once?" asked one impatient noble.

"Dear sir," said Dr. Jonas, "he wanted to consult a Friend."

"What friend?" exclaimed the noble, in surprise. "Surely Dr. Luther needs no one to tell him what to say. Did he consult a lawyer, so that he might be sure of saying nothing his enemies might turn against him?"

"All night," said Dr. Jonas, in a lower tone, "all night we heard Dr. Luther's voice, in his room, talking with his Friend."

"'O thou, my God!' we heard him say, 'stand by me against the wisdom of the world! It is thy cause, not mine. For mine own honor I am not concerned; with these great men of the world I have nothing to do. I am ready to sacrifice my life, as patiently as a lamb. But the cause is thine; thou must help me to defend it.'"

The nobleman's voice was husky, as he turned away. "God grant it!" he said.

Once more, late in the afternoon, the herald came to conduct Dr. Luther before the Council. The crowd in the streets was greater than ever, and again they made their way through the gardens to the palace.

"How cheerful he looks!" said the watchers in the palace court as Luther passed into the building.

"Perhaps he has made up his mind to recant," said one. "He knows he is safe."

The hall was so crowded that the princes had difficulty in getting to their seats.

Again the chancellor called on Dr. Luther to recant. His words were bitter and threatening; but they made no change in the serene look on the face of the accused.

Then Martin Luther began to speak. All hesitation was gone from his manner. His head was raised, and his ringing voice reached every corner of the crowded hall.

"Most serene Lord and Emperor," he began, "most illustrious princes, most clement lords —"

The throng grew still as death to listen. The April twilight was darkening, and torches had been lighted to illuminate the hall. The heat grew intense; yet no one stirred, while Dr. Luther spoke on and on.

"Some of my books," he said, "are on pious subjects, to which no objection can be made by any one. Some are attacks on the many evils in the church; these I cannot retract, without denying Christ. If any one can show me anything in any of my writings which is false and contrary to the Word of God, I am ready to throw my books into the fire with my own hands."

"Speak to the point, Luther! Will you, or will you not retract?" cried the chancellor.

Then Luther, his deep eyes glowing like stars, flung back the immortal answer:

"Unless I am convinced, by the Holy Scriptures — not by the word of popes and councils, for they may be in error — but by the Word of God himself, by which alone my conscience is bound, I neither can nor will retract anything!"

A tumult of voices arose. The chancellor began to argue, the

princes to interrupt. Out of the midst of the din once more arose the voice of Martin Luther, clear and firm as an angel's trumpet:

"Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen!"

Then the young emperor arose, dismissing the Council. The assembly poured out of the hall, pushing and thronging so that several of the imperial guards had to be sent to Luther's side, to lead him safely through the crowd.

As he passed out of the doors, with a guard on either side, the nobles in the court cried out, "He is arrested! They are taking him to prison."

"They are taking me to my hotel," called out Luther, and the crowd was pacified.

Across the palace yard and into that of the hotel he was led, to the inn where his waiting friends had spent the anxious hours.

"I am through! I am through!" cried Luther, exultingly, with uplifted hands, as they rushed to meet him.

"You have retracted nothing, dear Dr. Luther?" cried his faithful friend, Nicholas Amsdorf.

"Retracted?" exclaimed Luther, with the ring of victory in his voice. "Even though I had a hundred heads, I would have had them all cut off before I would have retracted anything!"

VII. Song, "If You Cannot on the Ocean"

VIII. Prayer

IX. Something to Do — 8 minutes

(What is the duty of the group in the church? List the things and lead them to a response.)

THE LAW OF GOOD WORKMANSHIP

SEVENTH LESSON

Material: Bible. *Worship and Song.* Flag. Blackboard.

I. Song, "Fight for the Right, Boys"

II. Scripture Reading

Matt. 25 : 14-30.

III. Recitation of the Code

(Add the new law, "The good American tries to do the right thing in the right way.") — 4 minutes

IV. Offering

V. Conversation — 15 minutes

When the great Metropolitan Tower was built in New York City hundreds of workmen worked on it from the foundation girders to the fifty-second top story. Yet there was not one accident on it, not even a hurt, except of one man who got his hand crushed. Some one asked one of the workers if he thought it was luck.

"No," he said. "They're getting mighty careful nowadays, and we had a good bell-man. A great deal depends on him."

Every man's life depends on the carefulness of every other man in erecting a great building. If even a bolt were dropped from such a tremendous height it would fall with a force sufficient to kill some one below. If you want to read some interesting stories of skilled workmen read *Deeds of Doing and Daring*, by William Allen Johnston (Wilde Company).

(List on the blackboard the occupations with which the children are familiar, where the lives of people depend on the skill of the workers. Show how dependent we are on each other's work.) Not long ago I bought a pair of shoes; the second time I wore them I felt a sharp prick in the side of my foot. I could not find what caused it. I wore them several times. Sometimes they would seem quite all right, then very suddenly I would again feel that sharp prick. I felt displeased with the man who sold me the shoes and with the company who made them. One day I discovered the trouble — a tack had been left loose between the shoe and its lining. Somebody had been careless.

VI. Song, "Work, for the Night is Coming"

VII. Story

(Tell the story of Burbank or Edison. A good story of Burbank is found in *The King of Flowers and Fruits*, Gilbert, March, 1919, *Everyland*. Draw out from the children all they can tell of the marvels these men have produced through long hours of careful work. Show that it is not their genius but their willingness to work long and pa-

tiently that makes them wonderful. They are using their talents. The story of Cyrus Hamlin and his Bakery may also be told. See pamphlet, *Cyrus Hamlin*, American Board, or *My Life and Times*, Cyrus Hamlin.

(Another plan, especially if the work can be assigned before, is to let each pupil take a character which represents a different kind of work, and pretending he is this character, tell what he does and what his work means to us. The following are suggestive characters: Burbank, Edison, manager of the department store they know best, church sexton, a miner, a doctor or medical missionary, a missionary like Cyrus Hamlin or Sam Higgenbottom, president of a railroad or some administrative position, a minister, a farmer.

(The teacher must be prepared to show the pupil the many hard hours of careful work that go into the successful career in any one of these occupations. Children are prone to undervalue the occupation with which they do not come in close contact, or to form their opinion from their knowledge of some one who is not successful.)

VIII. Song, "A Charge to Keep I Have"

IX. Something to Do — 10 minutes

(Mount some pictures and stories on cards of heavy paper for use in the contagious wards of the hospitals. Insist on careful work.)

X. Prayer

THE LAW OF TEAM-WORK

EIGHTH LESSON

Material: Bible. *Worship and Song.* Flag. Blackboard. Box of pictures.

I. Song, "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations"

II. Scripture Reading

Phil. 2 : 1-4. We will think that Paul was writing that letter to us, to Americans, as well as to the Philippian people.

III. Conversation — 10 minutes

When we work we must remember that we can't think of just ourselves alone if we are to succeed. If we are to do the best work in our

class we must work together. One person can very easily spoil the record of a whole group.

A Sunday-school class was working hard to come up to certain points which they had voted to require in order to be a star class. One point was that each boy was to recite his memory verse. For several Sundays the class would have been a star class except for one point — one boy did not recite his memory work. The other boys were very angry.

One Sunday when the teacher entered the other boys met her. "We have decided to make a new rule," they said. "No boy can sit down in our class until he has recited his memory work."

"Are you going to keep him standing?" said the teacher, who guessed why the rule was being made.

"It will not take him long to learn the verse, if he knows he must do it. And we are going to make him," they said. And they did!

If you were to go through a great factory where automobiles were made you would see hundreds of men at work to make one automobile. Each has his own little part to do. It may be only making some little bolt or putting the padding in the cushions, but if one person does his work in a slipshod manner, we say the automobile is not a good one. One of the most interesting things to watch in a machine factory is the assembling of the great machines. A wheel comes from one man, a bolt from another, an axle from another, but each part is made so perfectly that they slip easily together and in a marvelously short time the complete machine stands before you. What wonderful team-work that is!

Sometimes we find people do not understand each other or do not treat each other well and some group will stop working and then we have strikes and a great deal of trouble results. Usually we find it is because either one side or the other, sometimes both, has not learned how to work together.

(Have a box of pictures cut from magazines from which the group may select the people who must work together to build our homes or bring our bread. Form these into a "team-work" poster.)

IV. Recitation of the Code — 5 minutes

Add "The good American works in friendly cooperation with his fellow-workers."

V. Story, Giovanni, a White Wing¹

Giovanni bounded up the dark, rickety stair to a little back room on the third floor, in New York's East Side. "I am hungry," he exclaimed, as he stood in the hot dimness. At first he could hardly see his mother and Filomina, as they sat by the window which opened into the close gray court outside. They were basting the lining in a pile of trousers from a shop to which Signora Reale went each day for work. On the bed lay baby Beppo, fretting.

"Is there anything to eat, mother?" he asked.

Theresa cut a thick slice from a dry, round loaf, and laid on it a red pepper. "There is no cheese and no macaroni or greens today, Giovanni. The baby, he is sick. That kind angel called the church visitor, who comes to these houses, says Beppo should be in the country. She says the milk is bad — that is what makes him sick. There are no milkmen here who milk you the fresh milk from the goats into the pail, as in Italy. So the visitor says we must put the milk on the ice to keep it good and the ice, even a little piece, costs so many soldi! Your father in the railroad camp must pay to the boss who gets him the place, and he must pay to eat and to sleep, and now the house signor raises the rent, so Filomina and I must sew all the day on the pants to get the food and the ice for poor Beppo. When, ah, when shall we buy the land?" and she clasped her hands.

"I want to go out and play. It is so hot in here," sighed Filomina. "Giovanni, it is not so nice in America as you said."

Giovanni frowned. "I wish I had the goats again to make the soldi from the milk." Slowly he walked down-stairs. "Me, I am a man," he said to himself. "I must do something so Beppo will get well."

The block was full of children, half naked, running and screaming in the middle of the street. It was too hot to play, so they quarreled. Giovanni looked up and down. What could he do to earn a penny? Ah! there at the far end under the stairway of the elevated railroad sat the old Hebrew paper-seller. Giovanni had an inspiration.

"Lemme sell-a da paper?" he asked the old man, brightly.

"Gwan!" growled old Abraham, stretching a protecting arm over his chocolate squares, gum-drops and chewing-gum. "Gwan, I say!"

¹ From *Giovanni*, by Anita B. Ferris. Used by permission Missionary Education Movement.

Giovanni shrugged his shoulders.

A gang of boys ran screaming down the block. "Let's grab de candy!" they called, dancing about the old man. Giovanni, too, joined in the unkind game and laughed at the old Hebrew's frantic gestures.

Then an ice-wagon drove by, and they all sprang for the back step to snatch a piece of ice. The driver flourished his whip and yelled at them but they each grabbed a chip and sprang away. "That is the way you do in America," thought Giovanni. "You take what you can before some one else takes it."

What next? The leader looked about. They were all hot and tired. They had no place to play and nothing to do.

"I'll tell you," shouted Manuel. "Let's upset de garbage cans down de whole street!"

"Yeh!" they all shouted.

"Here, Giovanni, you take dat side wit' half de fellers, and I'll take dis." Whooping they started in, scattering orange skins, melon rinds and eggshells far out over the asphalt, while the hot wind catching the newspapers and dust, whirled them high into the air.

The others rushed on to find new adventures, but Giovanni paused at his last can to investigate. Was that a dead cat?

"Say, you're a fine guy!" said a scornful voice.

Giovanni looked up. Before him stood a boy a little older than himself. On the front of his clean blouse shone a splendid, broad, nickel badge.

"Look at yer street! It's a disgrace to de city!"

Giovanni's mouth opened. "Who are you?" he asked.

"My name's Mickey. I'm a junior white wing," the other answered proudly. "You just orter see our street. No dago-lookin' place like youse. You come see."

Silently Giovanni followed him. There, sure enough, was a street with not a banana peel in sight, not a newspaper blowing about.

"All us kids belongs to de service," continued Mickey. "Ain't dat a swell badge?"

Giovanni nodded. "How you get him?" he asked.

"Oh, you go to de head guy of de white wings—de fellers dat cleans de streets—and he takes yer pledge, gives yer de badge, and you

goes to it. You has ter keep all de boys in line, too. You don't have no funny business on de place. My, but dat white wing feller is a good sport! He has meetin's for de kids and tells us how we can run de city better, and movin'-picture shows an' eats, and de feller in each district what keeps his street best fer a mont' gets a trip to de country from de church lady what visits around here and works wit de boss. Sure thing," he added.

"Beppo!" thought Giovanni. "I give him my trip!" His eyes sparkled. "Me, I want-a join," he said.

"All right, come along, and I'll take you to de chief."

It was two weeks later. Giovanni, with a shining badge upon his breast, righted an over-turned garbage can and picked up a fluttering newspaper. As he did so, he frowned. It was a dark frown helped along by a particularly violent black eye. A mocking laugh came from the corner, and Manuel danced into view. "Hey, de white-wing!" he jeered. "Hey de white-wing!"

"Manuel," exclaimed Giovanni, "I ask-a for da last-a time-a. Will you go to da meetin' wit'me tonight? There will be eats, and you be white wing, too."

"Me!" laughed Manuel, half persuaded. And then he pointed to Giovanni's eye. "Hey, look at de lamp!" he grinned.

"Yes. Blackie, he will not let da can-a alone," explained Giovanni, "so I fight him. I tell him, I tell you all-a, you all-a be white wing and wear badge-a, if you let my can-a alone. This street, he is bad-a, verra bad-a. It is a dago street, and you no help-a me. Nevar will we have da best-a street in da districk."

Suddenly the gang, led by Blackie, swung round the corner with a yell. Giovanni knew what that meant. He seized the garbage can, but three of them dragged it from him and tossed it into the street, and then were off again before he could strike a blow.

Slowly the tears came to Giovanni's eyes. "I cannot make it the best street. The boys will not help, and Beppo, never can I send him to the country." Wearily he righted the can and picked up the scattered contents. A piece of orange peel took him almost to the corner under the elevated. As he stooped for it, he caught a glimpse of Manuel and the gang — Manuel just in the act of flinging a stone at a store window. There was a crash of glass and then the boys rushed past him and hid in an alley.

"De cop, de cop!" came a low warning. Giovanni started to run but it was too late. A big, firm hand seized his shoulder.

"So you are the boy who fired that stone!" said a stern voice.

"No, Signor Cop, I not," answered Giovanni.

"Then why did you run?"

Giovanni did not answer.

"Now he will tell," whispered Patsey to Blackie. "We upset de cans. Now he will squeal."

The big hand shook Giovanni.

"Signor Cop, I not break da window," Giovanni insisted, in a trembling voice.

"Then who did?" asked the policeman. "You boys have been troubling me for a dog's age."

Giovanni's lips shut tight. No true Italian would speak.

"Did you see anybody do it? Answer me! Don't you know I can arrest you and put you in prison?"

Faintly Giovanni spoke. "I saw, Signor Cop."

"Then who was it? You must tell, so the young villain can be punished."

But Giovanni was silent.

"Here, come with me," and the big policeman half lifted Giovanni across the street to the door of the excited shopkeeper.

Stealthily the boys watched, until they saw Giovanni, the big policeman, and the storekeeper go away together. Then a frightened group stepped out of hiding.

"He will surely tell now," said Blackie.

But Manuel shook his head. Two years before he had come from the far island of Sicily. "Giovanni — no," he said.

"What will they do wit' him, if he won't tell?" questioned Patsey.

"Lock him up in de jail," answered Manuel, uneasily.

"Maybe dey keel him," suggested Blackie.

"Maybe," assented another, gloomily.

Patsey looked up the street. "Dat dago wanted to clean up de street so it would be de best in de districk."

"Fellers," Manuel faced them suddenly, "dat kid, Giovanni, he's white. Let's clean up de street for him."

"Here goes!" and the gang went.

Not a cabbage leaf, not a scrap of paper escaped them. Marietta Stella, eating a banana, dropped the skin as was her wont, in the gutter.

"Here you kid, dat ain't de place," said Blackie, sternly. "You put dat in de can. See?"

And Marietta, with her eyes on Blackie's double fist, did as she was told.

But the gang was not comfortable. Would they let Giovanni come back, when he refused to tell?

"Will de shopkeeper say he did it?" questioned Blackie, anxiously.

Manuel shook his head uneasily. "Aw, can it!" he growled.

It was supper time — or, rather, the time for eating a piece of bread or a sandwich — but still the gang huddled gloomily together.

Giovanni's mother came out of the hallway with her work for the sweat-shop over her arm. Manuel shrank into the shadow of the steps.

"Giovanni!" she called, anxiously. "Giovanni!" And then, spying Blackie, she asked rapidly in Italian, "Have you seen my Giovanni anywhere? It is time he came home."

Blackie stammered, "He — he's just gone around the corner. I think he will be back soon."

"If you see him, tell him I want him, please," she said, and hurried off with her work.

The gang looked at one another miserably. The minutes passed, and no one spoke. The eyes of all were fixed upon the corner under the elevated.

"Here he comes!" cried Patsey, joyfully. "But — but dere's some one wit' him."

"She's a lady cop!" whispered Blackie. "I've seen 'em before. See her badge? Dey have 'em over to de court. I guess dey think he did it all right."

But the gang was already moving over to meet the newcomers, Manuel leading. "Hey, Missus," he said hastily, "Giovanni, he didn't smash dat winder!"

"Naw!" chimed in the gang with earnestness, "he didn't."

"He didn't?" asked the probation officer, coolly.

"Naw, Missus, I did," snapped Manuel.

"Shake, my man," exclaimed the officer, extending her hand. "It takes a man to own up."

But Giovanni hardly heard. His glowing eyes traveled the length

of the street. "Da best-a, da verra best-a street in da districk!" he exclaimed. "I have look at them all. Me, I know!"

VI. Prayer

VII. Song, "Blest be the Tie that Binds"

VIII. Something to Do — 10 minutes

(Plan a definite scheme for working together to keep the church grounds tidy or do some work in the community.)

THE LAW OF KINDNESS

NINTH LESSON

Material: Bible. *Worship and Song.* Flag. Blackboard.

I. Song Service — 10 minutes

("Somebody did a Kind Deed Today" and similar songs may be sung, ending with "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee," sung as a prayer song.)

II. Conversation — 10 minutes

What was the kindest deed you ever saw performed? the kindest you ever read about? Did you ever count all the kind deeds you have observed in one day? I read recently of a boy who wanted his mother to pay him for what he did for her so they agreed to keep a record. When he showed her his record for a day she showed him a record of the things she had done for him in one day. Which do you think was the larger? What was probably in the mother's record?

A great many stories are told of the kindness of President Lincoln. Can you tell one? (If the children do not know the incident, tell the story of the little girl who lived near Lincoln's home who was preparing to start on a journey. The time came to start to the station, but the man had not come for her trunk. She was crying bitterly when Lincoln came by. Learning of her trouble, he entered the house, put her trunk on his big shoulder and telling her to come along marched hurriedly off to the station where she arrived just as the train pulled in.)

Lincoln was a good American and he especially illustrates a law which we will add for our good Americans. "The good American is kind."

III. Song, "Have You Had a Kindness Shown"**IV. Offering****V. Recitation of the Code — 10 minutes**

(Add the new law: "The good American is kind," followed by the salute to the U. S. flag and the salute to the Christian flag.)

VI. Dramatization of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10 : 30-35) — 20 minutes

Perhaps the most famous story of kindness in all the world is the one Jesus told of the good Samaritan. We all know it so well that it will not be hard to dramatize it. Let us think of the different characters needed. Some one may put the characters down on the blackboard as we name them. Now let us decide who will be the characters today. What will these characters have to do? Will any of them need to say anything? Where will be the rocks that the robbers hid behind? How shall we plan the inn? Had we better make it two scenes?

(Discuss plans fully and let them try out their suggestions. Play as much of story in pantomime as possible. Try to help the children put themselves in the place of the characters and think, talk and act as they think that character would. One class put the whole story into action only using these few words:)

SCENE I

Good Samaritan: "Art thou hurt?"

Traveler (faintly): "Help, help!"

Good Samaritan: "Yes, yes, I will help thee! Let me bind thy wounds. Drink this. Art thou able to stand? If thou canst ride I will take thee where thou wilt be cared for."

SCENE II

Innkeeper: "Good day, sir."

Good Samaritan: "This man has been hurt. Canst thou care for him? I will repay thee whatsoever thou spendest, when I come again."

Innkeeper: "Let us carry him in here."

Man: "I thank thee."

(After the story has been played, perhaps several times if the period permits, have the boys and girls discuss this question: "How can we

help the people who are even now sick and wounded and left by the roadside? What is the way we can really play the Good Samaritan? ")

VII. Something to Do — 3 minutes

(Lead the children into some service for the children of the Near East. Secure information of how this may be done from the Near East Relief Committee or from the American Board. Plan some very definite things to help others in the community.)

VIII. Prayer

(Ask for aid to help us remember to be helpful to others.)

THE LAW OF LOYALTY

TENTH LESSON

Material: Bible. Flag. Poster. *Worship and Song.* Copies of the American Creed by Wm. Tyler, typed for pupils to take home.

I. Prayer

(For our country and our homes.)

II. Conversation — 3 minutes

We have been having great opportunities to prove our loyalty to our country. Today we are to study loyalty. We will begin our work today with a service of loyalty. We have asked one of our number to memorize the American Creed and after he has recited it we will read it together and take the copies home that we may learn it ourselves.

III. Service of Loyalty — 15 minutes

Salute to the Flag

Recitation of American Creed

(This creed won the prize offered by the City of Baltimore.)

" I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a Republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

" I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to

support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

Song, "America"

Recitation of Good American Code

1. The good American tries to gain and keep perfect health.
2. The good American controls himself.
3. The good American is self-reliant.
4. The good American is reliable.
5. The good American plays fair.
6. The good American does his duty.
7. The good American tries to do the right thing in the right way.
8. The good American works in friendly cooperation with his fellow-workers.
9. The good American is kind.
10. The good American is loyal.

Song, "True-hearted, whole-hearted"

IV. Story, David and Jonathan

If we are truly loyal to our country we must be loyal to our friends. There is a story in the Bible of two men who worked together, who were such very great friends that their friendship has become famous and whenever people speak of great friends they say they are like David and Jonathan. (The teacher may tell the story of David and Jonathan as found in 1 Samuel 18 : 1-4; 19 : 1-7; 20 : 1-42; 23 : 15-18; 2 Samuel 9 : 1-13. Emphasis should be placed on the incidents which show loyalty between friends.)

V. Offering

VI. Prayer

(Ask God to help us to be true to our friends and schoolmates.)

VII. Story, As One Big Family¹

It was a winter afternoon in the big outdoor gymnasium of the preparatory school of a large Chinese Christian University. The Junior basket-ball team and their scrub team stood in confusion on the floor.

"You go back there where the ball crossed the line!" ordered Chen, the captain of the regular team.

¹ Adapted from *The Honorable Crimson Tree*, by Anita B. Ferris. Used by permission Missionary Education Movement.

"I am back!" replied Wei-ping, angrily.

"Lin, didn't the ball cross here?" he appealed to the guard of the Junior team opposite him.

"I think so," answered Lin Chen, sulkily.

"Of course you wouldn't say I was right," retorted Wei-ping.

"You're from the south, of course," he added, scornfully.

Ting, Wei-ping's good thrower, came to his aid. "You people are always finding fault," he said to Chen's team.

"I notice we play a better game anyway," replied Chen, coldly.

Out on the campus several friends from his own province met Wei-ping as he came out of the gymnasium.

"Hello, you fellows," Wei-ping exclaimed, stopping them. "Say, look here! We didn't come here to be insulted by those boys from the south, I tell you what; most of the boys on our regular team are south and if they are going to hang together in that way, I say we ought to have a society of our own for the northern fellows. Come on over to the dormitory and talk it over."

"The teachers might not like it," objected conscientious Shan, as they walked away.

"Nobody need know anything about it," declared Wei-ping; "and what harm is it? We can just have a good time by ourselves and let those southern fellows alone."

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't do any harm," admitted the other boys. So the Society of Northern Chinese was formed, with Wei-ping for president.

"Hello, Wei-ping!" called Lin Chen one morning, as they were crossing the campus. "What is that little red ribbon on your jacket?"

"A secret," answered Wei-ping, shortly. And then Lin began to notice lots of red ribbon on the coats of other Juniors.

"Hey, Chen," he questioned after class, "what are all the red ribbons for, have you heard?"

Chen frowned down at his bundle of books. "Wei-ping," he said, "has started a society for northern boys, and he has had the face to choose red for their color, when everybody knows that is our color. We from the south are *real* Chinese."

"We can have our society, too," said one of the other boys. "And we'll use red, too, because that's the color of the pure Chinese. We'll just wear wider ribbons."

And then things began to happen. One noon the big dish of fish never reached the "Big Reds," as their classmates called them. The "Little Reds" somehow got it all. Another time the Little Reds could not open the door of the room where they held their meeting, and lost face by having to climb out of the window in a very undignified way, while somebody somewhere led a chorus of laughter.

"Foul!" called Mr. Ting at a basket-ball practise between the regular Junior team and the scrub. "What is the matter with you boys?" he exclaimed with disgust. "One would think you were playing some foreign team. I should hope if you were though you would be more sportsmanlike. You are both Junior teams and you have been fighting like wild tribesmen. What is the matter?" But no one had a word to say.

"If you can't do better team-work, you'll never beat the Seniors next week. They know how to work together. You've been a disgrace to the school today." And with that he dismissed them.

After that Chen worked hard, but somehow his team could not equal the passing of the Seniors.

"We got to think up a trick," said one of the boys, as they sat gloomily talking it over. "I don't mean a foul but something to break their team-work."

"I have it!" exclaimed Chen, and whispered something to them.

The momentous day of the game came at last. It was a great day; six university men who had won medals for intercollegiate and international meets were to be among the guests. Everybody was tense with excitement. The bleachers were gay with the gold and maroon of the university mingled with the national flags.

The guests filed in and were applauded. It was time for the game to begin. But no team appeared. The boys became impatient.

Meanwhile in the class room where the scrub team was assembled stood a pale-faced Chen, captain of the Junior team, with his back against the door. "Lin twisted his ankle so badly he can't step on his foot. It's a question of whether we back out of the game now, when every one is here, the honor men and all." His voice choked. "If we do, our class must lose its face. One of you must take Lin's place." Chen waited. His pride kept him from looking at Wei-ping — Wei-ping, who was the best player in the scrub team. Slowly Wei-ping

stepped forward, "I'll come if you want me," he said. "We're supposed to play when we're needed."

Chen drew a long breath of relief. "Thank you," he said. "It's for the class, you know. We have only a minute. Come in with the team and I'll post you on our trick."

At last the team trotted on the field. The game began. Inch by inch they fought, till finally the ball touched Chen's hands, when he turned and coolly dropped it into the basket. A mighty yell rose from the Juniors in the bleachers. They were beginning to feel they were a class. But success made them careless and when time was called, the score stood "Two-One" in favor of the Seniors.

Once more the whistle blew. Inch by inch they fought. Junior and Senior were even now and the time was nearly up. Desperately the Juniors interfered, breaking the Senior team play. Back they fought the ball till it came to Wei-ping, center. Could he possibly get the ball to Chen? Their eyes met. Now was the time. All depended on Wei-ping. He could get even now, and Chen knew it. Suppose the class were defeated? What did Wei-ping care for them? They came from different provinces. Straight into Chen's eyes he looked, but now he did not see them. He was hearing Mr. Dike his teacher say as he bade him good-bye, "I shall be proud of you boys. You have learned to make your own decisions between right and wrong. You will play the game." Wei-ping had been puzzled then — "play the game," — now he knew.

"Play!" called Mr. Ting, sharply.

Wei-ping sent the ball straight into the hands waiting for it behind him. Forward again over their heads it whirled, the Seniors too astonished to lift a finger, into the waiting hands of the Junior guard, over to Chen and, before any one could realize what happened, into the basket it dropped, just as the whistle blew.

There was a wild clapping of hands. Then Mr. Wong, the Champion of the University, who in honor of the meet wore on his breast the medals he had won in contest with other Chinese, American, Filipino and Japanese universities, stood in front of the teams.

"Boys," he said, "when on the cinder path I won these medals in contest with other nations, my classmates presented me with this Chinese flag which they thought I had helped to honor by my sportsmanship."

Quickly he unfurled a beautiful silk Chinese flag with its five bars. Then asking them to always honor it with fair play and loyalty he presented the flag to the winning team — to be passed on by them to the next winning team.

"We will try to guard it worthily," was all Chen could find voice to say.

Outside the bleachers the Juniors crowded around their team. Proudly Chen held the flag aloft, drawing Wei-ping's arm through his as he did so, while the class cheered. Quickly with his free hand Wei-ping tore from his coat the bit of narrow red ribbon. "There is no north!" he shouted. "Chinese are we all."

Chen snatched off his ribbon too, "Down with reds! Up with the flag!" he shouted.

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys, and the air was suddenly full of floating bits of red everywhere.

"Come on, let's parade!" some one yelled.

VIII. Song, "Fling Out the Banner"

IX. Something to Do — 5 minutes

(Lead the group to select some one thing to do the coming year to show their loyalty to home, church and school, — such as doing their chores promptly and without grumbling, attending church service regularly and listening attentively and trying to attain the highest standard of the school.)

Schools should decide now whether or not they are going to use the *Good American Rally Day Service*. Programs and Supplements should be ordered immediately. See note under "Last Session."

THE LAW OF REVERENCE

ELEVENTH LESSON

(Additional Law)

Material: Bible. Flag. *Worship and Song*. Microscope. Seeds of thistles, goldenrod, milkweed, or various berries and seeds which are common to the time and locality. Blackboard.

I. Song, "When Morning Gilds the Sky"

II. Prayer

(Thanking God for his wonderful world.)

III. Conversation — 5 minutes

What did you see on your way here? How many of you saw any seeds? (Show the kinds gathered. Examine with microscope. Talk about why they have wings that enable them to fly or to float, or stickers that cause them to be carried. Notice the variety and beauty of the shapes. Arouse a sense of wonder and gratitude for God's wonderful power.)

IV. Song, "We Come with Songs of Gladness" (From *Worship and Song*.)

V. Repetition of Service of Loyalty — 15 minutes

(This was suggested in the previous lesson.) Today, as we again observe the service of loyalty, let us see how prompt and reverent we can be. Recently in a service which a company of soldiers attended, the minister said, "We will arise." Instantly, before the rest of the audience had seemed to grasp what he said, the soldiers were on their feet. Then all at once they dropped their hats on the seats back of them, straightened up to their full height and put their arms straight down at their sides. What made them do it? Yes, the first notes of the Star-Spangled Banner were being played. Is there any reason why the rest of us should not be equally attentive? What does it show to every one? If it shows love of our country can we show love to God in a similar way? What does reverence in God's house mean?

Salute to Flag

Recitation of the American Creed (all taking part)

Recitation of Good American Code

Today we end our study of the laws of right living and we end with "The Good American is reverent."

Salute to the Christian Flag

VI. Offering

VII. Song, "O Day of Rest and Gladness"

VIII. Bible Study — 7 minutes

Besides being reverent in his house, how else can we show God we love and reverence him? (List the things the pupils suggest on black-

board. The list may include prayer, praise, thanksgiving, loyalty, obedience, repentance, doing things for his people. Let the pupils suggest concrete things.) How does God speak to us? (Recall how God spoke to Moses [Ex. 3-8], to Elijah [1 Kings 19 : 1-4, 8-15], to Jonah and to Paul. Note how he talked with them about different things.) God has two ways of speaking to us. Sometimes through other people he lets us know what he wants us to do and sometimes he speaks to us through our own conscience. We must listen for his voice.

IX. Story, Joan of Arc and the Soldier Boy

If you were to go to France you would hear a great deal about a brave French girl who listened when God spoke to her and who suffered greatly because of her determination to do the things which she knew were right. John Ripley was only twenty when he went to France in the American Army. Of course he had heard of Joan of Arc. He had studied something about her when he was in high school, but the story had sounded like a fairy tale somehow. Yet now he was to visit the town where she had lived. He began to ask questions and learn everything he could about her. As a very young girl, they said, she had told them of voices speaking to her and telling her what she must do to save France. Her people wanted her to stay with them but the voices kept telling her she had a work in the world to do, and at last she left her quiet home. How brave she was as she visited the king and told him she had been sent to lead him to victory! John could almost see her on her horse leading the soldiers forward. Everywhere John went he saw statues of this brave girl. "I wonder if we ever will hear voices," John said to himself. Just then some one stepped on his foot and John used an ugly word. Quickly there came into his mind his mother's voice, "It's not only wrong to swear, but it's such a stupid thing to do. What is the use of it? Why when we are angry should we use God's name? I hope my boy will always say God's name and mine in a way as if he cared." John's face became very red as he remembered how many times he had used God's name carelessly since he had been in the army. "I wonder what made me think of that now?" he said. "It's like one of Joan of Arc's voices. I wonder if God is speaking to me. It will be very hard to stop, but if my mother could hear me it would break her heart."

It wasn't so hard to stop as he thought, because every time he saw